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HUSTLER.

Volume 21 Number 3

September 1994

5 Bits & Pieces

Discover a Nude Way to Get High and Why We're Not Gay Edited by Scott Schalin

12 Staff Exposure

Inside a HUSTLER Editor's Desk Drawer

13 Feedback

Addressing Readers' Deepest Thoughts

14 An Affair to Remember

HUSTLER's 20th Anniversary Party

16 HUSTLER's Contest

Why I Should Be Courtney Love's New Dick

18 Beaver Hunt Spotlight

Two Hometown Honeys Get a Page of Their Own

23 An Illustrated Directory

The Seven Deadly Quims: Women as the Root of All Temptation

29 Hot Letters
A Man Gets on His Knees and Plays

30 Ad Parody

Smears Department Store

33 Erotic Entertainment

Poke the Amazingly Lifelike Pussy of Savannah Edited by Mike McPadden

43 A Funny Photoplay
HUSTLER's World of Schoolyard Wit

49 Ad Parody Semen Breeze

51 Sex Play

Through the Nose: The Allure of Women Who Stink by Alex Marvel 52 Ad Parody
HUSTLER Athletic Wear

54 Prescription High

The Case for Medical Marijuana Report by Don Vaughan

Thumb Stuck
Photography by Suze Randall

70 Confessions of an X-Rated Crack Addict

> Talk of Tush and Technique With Buttman Creator John Stagliano Report by Selwyn Harris

78 May Yum and Victor Skin Pop

Photography by Clive McLean

88 Neighborhood SWAT

Home-Front Warriors Defend the Heartland Elite-Force Overview by Adam Parfrey

92 Lynette Out Soakin'

Photography by Matti Klatt

102 Draghixa
Fur on the Fly

Centerfold Photography by Clive McLean

112 HUSTLER Humor

Edited by Mike McPadden and Jeanne Diamond

116 Shauna and Nichelle

> Skid Markers Photography by Matti Klatt

125 Beaver Hunt

First-Timers Spread Like the Pros











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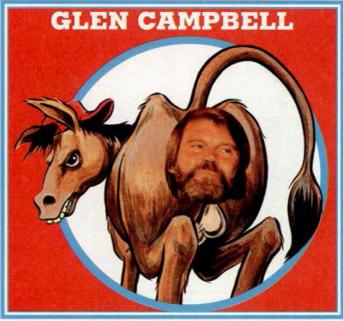
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

All shit chutes may be created equal, but some turd funnels try harder. Such a set of overachieving sphincters is Glen Campbell, the hardest-working brown-ring in showbiz, and HUSTLER's holier-than-thou Asshole of the Month for September 1994.

Campbell's new autobiography, Rhinestone Cowboy (Villard Books), is a self-bestowed lifetime-achievement award for feculence beyond the call of decency. With all false modesty, the cover blurb proclaims that Rhinestone Cowboy is Glen's "personal gift of thanks to the millions who have supported him through decades of good times and bad." This "personal gift" retails for 22 bucks a pop (\$29.50 in Canada).

Campbell's ego-propelled tome follows the entertainer's transformation from a coke bore into a Bible humper who appears frequently on Pat Robertson's 700 Club. Unfortunately, while orchestrating Campbell's conversion to born-again self-righteousness, God neglected to instill into the warbling singer the simple Christian virtue of humility.

"Today they would say I was a child prodigy," boasts Glen of his early guitar prowess. Unmitigated self-exaltation saturates the section of the book detailing cowboy Glen's rise to superstardom. Not only does Campbell—who has the gall to plead pure intentions in adulterous liaisons—claim an almost divinely guided ability to pick a hit song and a singing voice indistinguishable from Elvis Presley's, he seems to believe his music can bring peace to Northern Ireland.



Tensions were high one night when the Campbell band played Belfast. "I don't want to take credit where credit isn't due, nor do I want to be overly dramatic," protests Glen before overly dramatically taking credit where credit isn't due: "But who knows what kind of riot might or might not have transpired had our singing not soothed the city on that potentially explosive night?"

Glen's flops, his failed marriages, bad press he's received? Generally, they're the fault of someone else. Even his personal cocaine holocaust was sparked, to hear Glen tell it, by wife number two, Billie Jean.

Having been married to Campbell for 16 years, Billie Jean felt she had suffered enough. She refused to be interviewed for *Rhinestone Cowboy* and asked that she not be included. She succumbed to cancer shortly before the book's publication, and spiritual spokesman Glen Campbell refused her dying wish for privacy.

Campbell rationalizes his extensive documentation of Billie Jean: "I have been forgiven by God for my transgressions, and hope that Billie and others I might have wronged have forgiven me too."

If God has seen fit to forgive Glen Campbell, why can't the saved singer bring himself to forgive anybody else? He resentfully rattles off the exact dollar figures Billie spent on constructing a house in 1973, as though the financial outlay pains him to this day. His incessant whin-

ing hits a strident pitch when he bewails publishing companies who he feels shorted him on a fee 30 years ago, whimpering despite annual earnings that continue to top the million-dollar mark. He lambastes country crooner Tanya Tucker and includes his business manager's defamation of Tucker. Tucker's sin seems to have occurred when, as a 21-year-old, she led astray Campbell-a man more than twice her age-after he had burned out a marriage to a woman who was still the wife of one of Glen's friends when he started boning her.

"My days of hypocrisy are long gone," hypothesizes Campbell in a prelude to the following two-faced narrations: Reveals that third wife, Sarah, confessed to an extramarital affair while married to Mac Davis. Passes along secondhand gossip smearing Dean Martin. Voices indignation that a TV producer would attend to Tanya Tucker as Glen had attended to Mac Davis's wife. Opines that freedom of speech does not include the right to suppress someone else's freedom of speech in regard to school prayer-yet suggests that TV audiences should have no choice in what they watch. Wonders why the press has the right to print negative stories about his personal life-yet trashes in print all who have transgressed against him.

If Rhinestone Cowboy is any indication, God has spent too much time saving Glen Campbell, time that might have been better spent elsewhere. Despite heavenly guidance, Campbell has ended up an Asshole.

Michael Fay: Through his work spray painting automobiles that did not belong to him, and his lamenting the "unfair" consequences of his own actions, Michael Fay has shown the world that he is a craven teenage punk, the type of cowardly pissant who gives young Americans a bad name wherever they might go. For his confessed part in vandalizing

Farts in the Wind

18 cars in a Singapore parking lot, Fay got his ass whipped with four strokes of a rattan stick. This punishment was practically an international incident, but if the malicious pussy had been caught defacing cars in one of many American neighborhoods, he might have been shot dead by the outraged

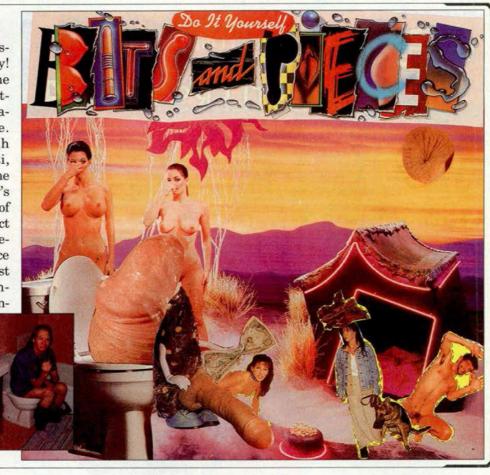
vehicle owners. Like Singapore, this country has no tolerance for Assholes.

Bill Clinton: President Clinton has suggested that adults who enjoy target shooting with semi-automatic assault rifles might be better off "reading a good book." One such book springs to mind: How to Pick Up Girls Without Being Called an Asshole.

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER

Stool Life

Witness the most important artistic unveiling of the 20th century! HUSTLER is proud to display the winning masterwork of the do-ityourself Bits & Pieces contest featured in our June '94 issue. Congratulations to John "Flush Flush" Baughman of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose symbolic setting of the shit-stack atop Shannen Doherty's head is the crowning achievement of an inspired piece of art. The abstract placement of the severed penis reveals Flush Flush's cubist influence and epitomizes man's eternal quest for sturdy resilience in an oftenshitty world. In the end, with the inclusion of the sphincter sun, this colonic collage runs rings around the competition. In reward of his effort, Baughman receives a minisubscription to HUSTLER and a place in history as one of America's most impotent idealists. (At right: A portrait of the young artist in his study.)



Most tasteless cartoon



Porn From the Past

those who flip through Bits & Pieces without reading every word. Walter Branche, however, can soothe his sores with the \$150 he'll receive for this month's naughty nostalgia. There's no pain and possible gain

Punishment is stiff for for those who submit classic prurient poses to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



Smells Like Geezer Spirit

Throughout a man's formative years, getting laid is often a difficult, hit-ormiss proposition. Yet, many guys who fail to nail nookie regularly as youngsters somehow find a flock

of fuckmates after reaching their golden years. How do aged bastards get so much young pussy? Old Farts cologne. The scent of a man who's nearly dead and loaded with cash.



Eating Out

Don't tell working-class families the recession is over. Working longer hours for smaller wages, many couples are finding it harder than ever to make ends meet, both in the bedroom and at the dinner table. That's why Betty Proctor has created a new suppertime spread guaranteed to satisfy the hungry man and horny woman in every blue-collar household. It's cervix for one. Bon appétit, and pass the gash.

Why We're Not Queer

The allure of the homosexual lifestyle is undeniable. A fag can always find another sissyboy eager to suck his dick behind a pile of waterlogged rope on some fishy-smelling pier, and he never has to listen to a chick complain about being the one to give and give and give in the relationship, or sleep on the

couch while her mother visits for "a few days," or change a diaper. So, why aren't more men queer?



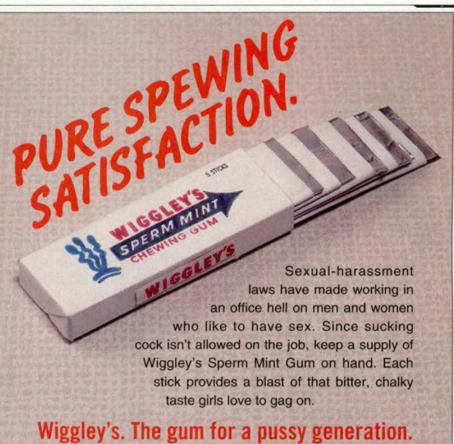
Look at this thing. Just look at it.



Now, look at this. The facts cannot be ignored.

A heterosexual proclamation from HUSTLER Magazine.

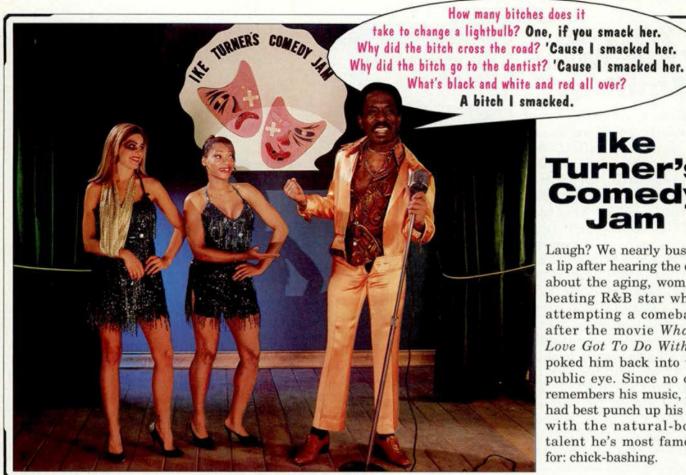




The Running of the Bulldykes

On July 10 of every year, wild herds of horned beef on the hoof chase crazy Iberians through the streets of Pamplona, Spain, in a bizarre ritual called the Running of the Bulls. While that tradition defies sanity, a more daring dash takes place after the main event, when a beer-pounding, chick-hounding frat guy tries to outrun a gang of thundering bulldykes bent on goring any crotch that has a prick.





Ike Turner's Comedy

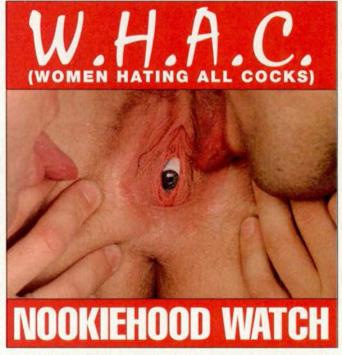
Laugh? We nearly busted a lip after hearing the one about the aging, womanbeating R&B star who's attempting a comeback after the movie What's Love Got To Do With It poked him back into the public eye. Since no one remembers his music, Ike had best punch up his act with the natural-born talent he's most famous for: chick-bashing.



Inner Mumblings

Women love to bitch about the difficulty of snaring a man sensitive enough to find a G spot and listen to a lady's workday events too. Shut her trap for good with the Wham-Bam-O Talking Vibrator. One

twist of the talking head fills Chatty Cathy's heart and hole with electronic words of understanding and deep commitment. Batteries and sympathy about her nagging mother not included.



Boners Beware!

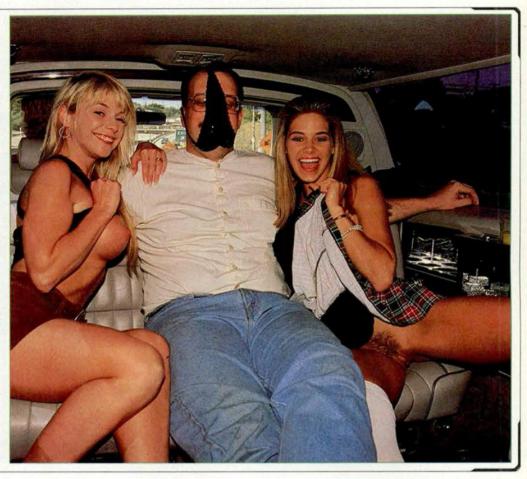
Fuck N.O.W.! If feminist organizations had their way, vigilante mobs of watchdog bitches would

look for louts in all the right places. Cunt-hunters beware: The eyes of muff are upon you!

AD PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Why Is This Man Smiling?

Because he's Chad Smith of Yanktown, South Dakota, As the winner of HUSTLER's Reader's Survey Sweepstakes, Chad enjoyed a paid vacation to Beverly Hills, California, working as an honorary HUSTLER photo assistant. In this photo, Chad assists one of our models out of her panties in the back of the HUSTLER limousine. Will Chad make it to the studio in time to put his hands to even better use? More importantly, will Chad make it back to Yanktown with his dick intact? Find out in Chad's Excellent Adventure, a photo diary of this lucky reader's wild weekend, coming in the October issue of America's most interactive magazine.





The Toadstool Effect

Some people go to great lengths to get stoned. Take toad-licking. This '60s drug phenomenon has recently made a comeback as new-wave hippies hop in hopes of capturing a Sonoran Desert toad (pictured right) and licking the critter's skin to attain a hallucinatory high similar to that induced by

LSD. HUSTLER has discovered another way to get goofy: tonguing the chunky asshole of porn starlet Leena (pictured left). Each crinkle packs the power of two hits of toad, rendering the lucky licker stiff and alert for hours. It's easier on the animals, and a lot more fun for the tongue.



Moving Pictures

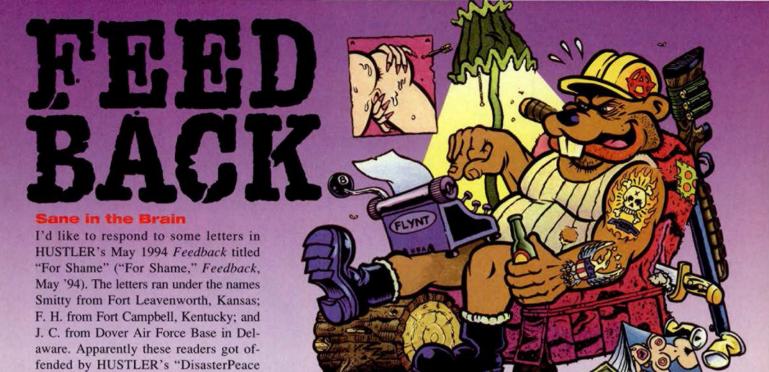
Winnie Mandela was a living legend's wife, but husband Nelson Mandela dumped her and circumstances lowered her profile within the African National Congress. What's a wanton woolly-bully to do when she's squeezed out of

the public eye? Go Hollywood, of course. Watch this summer as apartheid falls and Winnie competes with Whoopi Goldberg for the token Negress wildwoman roles that have become the modern moviegoer's burden.

10







Theater" parody that ran in February 1994 ("DisasterPeace Theater," Ad Parody, February '94). Well, I'm sorry to hear they didn't like it. Maybe if they had read the caption underneath the picture, they would have understood what it was about.

The point of "DisasterPeace Theater" wasn't about humiliating dead servicemen. I think cable-TV news network CNN did a good job of that. The point HUSTLER was trying to make was that the reason the United States didn't do a fucking thing about the savage gang that killed this American Marine and dragged

his naked body through the streets was

because the American oil companies val-

ued Somalian drilling rights more than

the lives of U.S. troops.

Jesus Christ got better treatment at his crucifixion than this Marine got in Somalia. To those who suspect I was never in the military, and so wouldn't understand the feelings expressed in "For Shame," let me say I served in the U.S. Marine Corps. I got injured real fuckin' bad and was found physically unfit for duty. There was a long time that I couldn't even fuckin' walk. If any of you want to see the real exploitation of servicemen and -women who put their lives on the line for their freedom and yours, visit your local VA hospital and do your crying to your Congressman and not HUSTLER Magazine. -J. B.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Pissed at Pist

I'm writing in response to the Feedback letter "Kick 'Em Down" ("Kick 'Em

Down," Feedback, May '94), submitted by Pist-Off Taxpayer from Nathrop, Colorado. This asshole thinks he's the perfect fuckin' citizen! Who the hell is Pist-Off to pass judgment on all convicts because he disliked the comments of one man? Either he's had something very valuable taken from him, or he thinks he's a fuckin' god! Whatever the case, I firmly believe he needs to seek professional help for the hatred he holds for us convicts. It's cocksuckers like him who



Daron: Lip Smackin'

make our justice system carry so little justice (guilty until proven innocent)!

This son of a bitch knows nothing at all of real prisons, or what he calls "correction centers." His tax dollars don't go to helping inmates, as he claims. Hisalong with every American's-tax money goes home in the pockets of overpaid correctional officers and prison officials. On top of that, convicts' so-called free medical, dental and vision care often cost us our lives because of the careless lack of attention from the prison system's underpaid, overworked medical personnel. Convicts are last in line for everything, and that's not an accident. Because jerks like Pist-Off are all over the penitentiaries, hiding behind badges!

As for our penitentiary "condos"—you try living in a spider-infested hole-in-the-wall with four other men and no privacy. No, Pist—this may not be a POW camp, which I seriously doubt you've ever experienced first-hand, but neither does it resemble the pack of lies you're selling. Who the scum of the earth is becomes very clear when pieces of shit like you open your mouths. —Pissed-Off Convict Walla Walla, Washington

Smooth Sailing

Thanks, HUSTLER, for June 1994's sexy layout of Adela (Adela: Cabin Fever, (continued on page 17)

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER HUSTLER'S 2 OTH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Only Larry Flynt could have imagined, when the first issue of HUSTLER Magazine went on sale in July 1974, that 20 years later, employees of his multimillion-dollar publishing empire would feast on steak and lobster in the International Ballroom of the swank Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, California. Naysayers be damned!

On April 30, 1994, Larry threw a gala affair for 450 of his closest friends. What began as a private company festivity grew into a media frenzy as celebrity admirers of HUSTLER Magazine insisted on attending to celebrate two decades of photographic decadence and daring journalistic achievements. As Larry himself said during a moving pre-dinner speech, "It's been an incredible 20 years!" The next 20 will be even wilder. You have Larry Flynt's word.



HUSTLER'S BUSTY BEAUTIES model Letha Weapons gets chesty with Larry during happy hour.



Larry Flynt with right-hand woman Liz Berrios in front of HUSTLER's historic 20-year cover.



Acid guru Timothy Leary (left) confounds a <u>Hard Copy</u> reporter.



KISS bassist and lead tongue Gene Simmons (right) meets Mr. Flynt.



RIP Magazine honcho and former HUSTLER editor Lonn Friend (center) beats the skins with drummers Matt Sorum of Guns N' Roses (left) and Tommy Lee of Mötley Crüe (right).



HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL art director Cynthia Patterson cozies up to <u>NYPD Blue</u> producer Burt Armus.

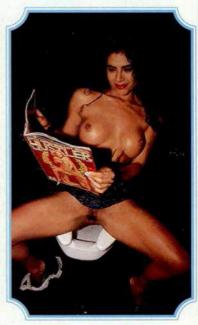


Adult-movie starlet Brittany O'Connell offers an alternative to apple tart for dessert.



XXX-star Savannah (left) gropes photographer extraordinaire Suze Randall.





Late in the evening, gowns give way to skin as blue-screen sirens Kaitlyn Ashley (left) and Alicia Rio (right) relax in the powder room.

SHOULDBECUUR

urt Cobain's firepowered farewell last April was a many-faceted tragedy.

The Nirvana front man's suicide deprived rock of a dynamic talent, cost an illdefined generation one of its few hard-won heroes and left Kurt's spouse, Courtney Love, the honey-voiced songbird and leader of the slut-rock band Hole, minus the sort of prick she needs.

Courtney needs consolation. After a trust-fundfinanced frolic through

punk-rock playgrounds on two continents and highprofile, lucrative status as First Lady of Lollapalooza Nation, Love's loss of her ticket to good dope and great record deals must leave her with a feeling akin to discomfort.

To the grieving grunge widow, HUSTLER extends a finger in sympathy.

And to our readers, we extend the opportunity to love Love even more than the whole world already does.

HUSTLER fans inter-

ested in courting the Love one should submit, in 50 words or less, their reasons and intentions. Venturing into the wilds of Love's triangle guarantees instant access to riches someone else earned, immediate familiarity with the Pacific Northwest's most celebrated dope dealers and a mansion full of sprightly punk-rock chicks charged with babysitting Love's 2-year-old daughter. Cool.

Please note: When a 27year-old, male pop-music

superstar shuns a world's span of sexually hyperactive teenyboppers because of his wife, brawls with numerous rival bands because of his wife, is arrested for the possession of firearms because of his wife and ultimately sucks down a shotgun shell for some mysterious reason, the savvy reader is left to draw his own conclusion.

To the victor go the spoilage and three words of advice contained in the title of Courtney's latest CD release: Live through this.



SOME EARLY EN

Yo. Yo. Yo. Yo. Funky white bitch front a posse called 'Ho? Yo. I be down with that. Yo. Shee-it. Yo. Now I don't gots to be hasslin' Madonna no more 'bout maybe sometimes taking a bath before she lip my jimmy. Yo.

-Tupac Shakur, rapper in need of a caning

Why, I'll show that little twat ingrate what a real man-hey, where's my scotch? Fucking shit! The Negroes and the faggots have conspired to steal my scotch again! If I had a shotgun, I'd find the Negro-faggot cabal that keeps stealing my scotch and let 'em have it-right after I pulled the smoking barrel out of Morley Safer's asshole. -Andy Rooney, 60 Minutes

Mndrrbfg. Kphgt? Rgpyksjaha! Tplwkqb. Know what I'm saying?

-Eddie Vedder, Pearl Jam

She was a stripper once, huh? Fly Air Force One out to Seattle right away. If anybody asks, just say Chelsea's a big fan or some bullshit like that. And tell Stephanopoulos to pick up lubricated this time.

-William Jefferson Clinton, President of the United States

ER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard. Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

In 50 words or less, complete the following statement: Dr. Kevorkian. Courtney Love. What's the difference, and what do I care? We're all on borrowed time anyway; so the reason I should be Courtney Love's next victim, I mean boyfriend, is:

Entries will be judged by a panel of HUSTLER editors well-versed in overbearing harridans. The decision of the judges is as final as a rifle blast to the cranium. Ms. Love's decision to date the winner is entirely up to her; after all, what Courtney wants, Courtney usually seems to get. And how.

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

June '94). I would sell my mother to take a pleasure cruise on Adela's yacht—just the two of us. Adela, I promise: You would get your money's worth! You really make my oar grow.

—K. B.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Bare Publicity

I just got the June HUSTLER, and I really loved Daron (Daron: Lip Smackin', June '94). Daron says she hopes to meet a man who's got a taste for adventure. I have a taste for adventure. In the past, I have gone stark naked in three New York City boroughs. In the summer of 1968, I went around completely naked in a wood in Bayside, Queens. In 1974, I went naked on a pier in Long Island City, Queens. After that, I went around stark naked in New York City's Central Park. In the summers of 1978 and 1979, I went around naked in a small wooded area on Roosevelt Island, and in '88 and '89, I went naked in a small, wooded area at the Dyker Beach Golf Course in Brooklyn. I just love going naked outdoors. Tell Daron I'd love to get together sometime-naked and in public. -J. P.

Brooklyn, New York

As incredible as it seems, apparently

every one of the hundreds of East Coast flasher sightings since 1968 can be attributed to one naked nudnik: J. P. of Brooklyn, New York.

Deep Thoughts

Novelist Henry Miller once wrote: "Women have nothing there; all they have is a crack. And their sex opening smells like hell!"

Renaissance genius Leonardo da Vinci said: "The sex organs are the ugliest part of the human body."

Women in TV and films never have menstrual periods. They never say to their lovers, "Go out and get me five boxes of tampons and five boxes of sanitary pads."

When women swallow jizz, how long do the sperms stay alive in their digestive tracts? Are all women looking for cocks that are five-foot long and balls the size of footballs? To hear it told on wedding nights, the floor of the bedroom is three inches deep in jizz! In drugstores, one side of an aisle has boxes of diapers, and the other boxes of tampons and sanitary pads. This should tell you something!

In closing, let me just say that Andy Rooney's life is interesting! He should be Asshole of the Month! —G. J. W.

Chicago, Illinois

Sperms stay alive in a digestive tract just long enough to realize that they're fucked, G. J. W.; women not only look for men with five-foot long cocks and balls the size of footballs, but when they meet a HUSTLER reader, they find 'em!

HUSTLER Family

My husband is a HUSTLER fanatic. He buys HUSTLER Magazine every month. He loves HUSTLER almost as much as he loves me! He comes with HUSTLER more than he comes with me. Sometimes I'll go out and come home to find him jerking off to HUSTLER's Honey.

My husband is a breast and foot man. That's what he looks for when he reads HUSTLER. He also gets off seeing two girls fucking each other. At first, I didn't much care for the fact that he had all your

centerfolds for the past two-and-a-half years pinned to our bedroom wall. But one day while he was out, I picked up one of his HUSTLERs. I started reading and realized what I was missing. My husband came home and caught me masturbating. Ever since then, we read HUSTLER together while fondling each other. Thanks for opening my eyes!

—R. B. C.

New York, New York

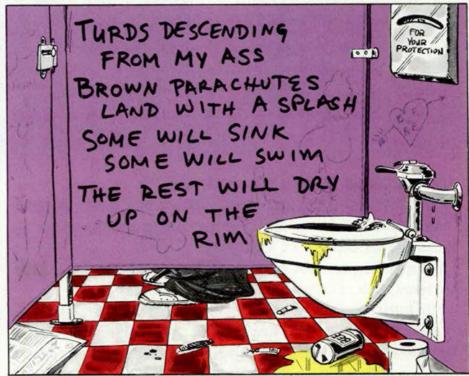
Rolling Hedgehog

I'm writing in regard to any and all material published in HUSTLER Magazine about Ron Jeremy, the most recent being the Hedgehog Hair Club ("Hedgehog Hair Club for Men," Bits & Pieces, May '94). In countless issues, HUSTLER has printed some picture or comment about Jeremy. I'm starting to wonder if you all get off on it!

Don't get me wrong. I can't stand the fat, hairy bastard. I try to avoid any of the shitty porn films Jeremy directs and/or stars in. But whom do I see when I open the May 1994 issue of HUSTLER? That's right. Ron Jeremy.

(continued on page 21)





THANKS AND \$50 TO STEWART VERILLI

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER

The race for HUSTLER'S 1994

Beaver of the Year title heats

up to scorching proportions in
the summer months. Sweeties too
sweltering to keep their clothes on
send in entries by the score. HUSTLER
salutes a pair of early front-runners,
awarding them \$350 in addition to their
initial Beaver Hunt booty, and a page all their
own in HUSTLER'S BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT.



Photos by Husband



"Beaver Hunt is the first step in my career as a nude model," announces 26-year-old Kat. "I want to do a lot of sexy layouts and then become the number-one dancer on the U.S. strip circuit."

This appealingly ambitious peeler brought joy to HUSTLER's July '94 issue. Her sexual zeal is as boundless as her career aspirations.

"The hottest fantasy I ever lived out was sucking my boyfriend's cock in an open convertible while we were speeding on the highway," Kat reveals. "The next one I look forward to is fucking on the beach between the camera clicks of a centerfold shoot. My ultimate dream is to bungee-jump naked into a crowd—maybe even with a partner while we're having sex!"

There's a stunt.







FEEDBACK

(continued from page 17)

Nothing pisses me off more than renting a porn tape, getting to a part where they show one of my favorite porn actresses in heat, and then seeing Ron's old, overweight, has-been ass come into the scene and fuck her. I don't know what hang-ups HUSTLER has about Ron Jeremy, but I don't feel he's worth mentioning. I've been a loyal reader for years, and I don't want to end it because of Ron Jeremy. I just gave you my reasons for not liking Ron—HUSTLER, give me yours!

Pinole, California

HUSTLER will stand by Mr. Jeremy until the last curly hair drops off his desiccated ass. For him or against him, the Hedgehog makes every other man look bald!

Good Question

Why is it that when one person fucks another, it's called pornography, but when one person fucks millions, it's called a presidency? I'd rather Larry Flynt ran the U.S. than anyone else. Better to have a guy who's paralyzed at the waist and knows what he's doing and has the balls to stick with it than some jackoff who's paralyzed from the neck up!

—B. H. Lancaster, California

Mad Moosehead

I recently bought one of your magazines and I was disgusted to realize that your censorship, letters and stories are unreadable. It looks like a paragraph with a bunch of fill in the blanks.

Your photo-ads are no better. I can't enjoy what I can't see or read. This censorship has gone out of hand. I was pissed off that I actually paid for this—and this magazine (HUSTLER) wasn't the first to have this censorship.

I have been a loyal reader of your magazine, along with some of my friends, who agree with me. Maybe we'll start buying other magazines instead. I'm fed up with getting fucking ripped off.

—M. D.

Middle Sackville, N. B., Canada

A trip to your local law library, M. D., would reveal that you have the prudish jurisprudence of your own backward nation to thank for your corrupted copy of HUSTLER. If your lust-free legislators didn't have hockey pucks where their genitals should be, you too could enjoy HUSTLER in all its unadulterated glory, as do we Americans.

Last Word

I don't always like the shit HUSTLER prints or writes. But the main reason (besides the girls) that I continue to buy HUSTLER Magazine is the fact that HUSTLER's not scared to print things as they see 'em. No lying, no faking, no

shit. I wish more mags had the guts. They can't all be blind. Keep up your no-bullshit attitude, HUSTLER. It's good to see someone stand up for what they believe!

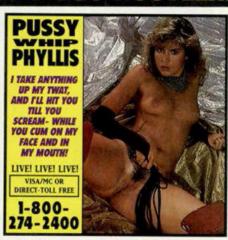
—E-Z Tony

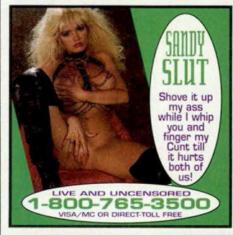
Honolulu, Hawaii

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

HOT & NASTY! CALL 1-800-HUSTLER!















THE SEVEN DEADLY QUIMS

Women as the Root of All Temptation

SOMETHING WAS MISSING FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN UNTIL EVE CAME ALONG, AND MEN HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GO VERY LONG WITHOUT IT EVER SINCE: SIN. WOMEN HAVE COME A LONG WAY FROM THAT SNAKY ORIGINAL CHARMER WHO LEAD THE PROTO-

TYPICAL ADAM ASTRAY—AND WE MEN HAVE COME RIGHT ALONG WITH THEM. WHETHER HOLDING OUT A FORBIDDEN APPLE OR THE PROMISE OF ANAL SEX AFTER MARRIAGE, THE HUMAN FEMALE HAS ELEVATED THE ACT OF SEDUCTION TO THE WORLD'S HIGHEST ART FORM.

Of course, we bite. Women aren't evil, but the ones worth looking at are certainly built that way.

GRANTED, THE CLOVEN GENDER HAS NEVER ACHIEVED A MONOPOLY ON VICE; OVER THE AGES, HOWEVER, IT HAS MANAGED TO PERSONIFY WICKED-NESS. CONSIDER THESE SIMPLE, SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS: BEHIND EVERY FALLEN MAN IS A WANTON HUSSY PLAYING HIM TO SATISFY HER WHIMS AND APPETITES. IT IS NO SECRET THAT THE PUSSY IS CRAFTIER THAN THE PENIS. NO MORTAL MALE CAN DETERMINE BEYOND ANY SHADOW OF A DOUBT WHETHER A WOMAN HAS REACHED A TRUE ORGASM OR IS CUNNINGLY PRETENDING TO CLIMAX IN ORDER TO INDULGE HER OWN DUPLICI-TOUS NATURE. THE MALE ANATOMY IS BIOLOGICALLY PROHIBITED FROM TELLING SUCH A LIE; A PENIS EITHER

Men, clearly, are at a disadvantage, and have been at one for ages. It is time to even the field. If he is to stand a chance of retaining his self-esteem, his testicles and his soul while in pursuit of distaff comforts, the modern-day male had better know what he is after.

TRULY GETS OFF, OR IT OBVIOUSLY

DOES NOT.

MADONNA/WHORE. RICH BITCH/ TRAILER-PARK GINCH. MARRIAGE-BAIT/FUCK-BAIT. SUCH GOOD GIRL/BAD GIRL DIVISIONS OF WOMANHOOD ARE LESS THAN HELPFUL. CLASSIFICATION OF COVETED BROADS ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGICAL SIGNS OR DIAGNOSTIC CRITERIA OF THE AMERICAN PSY-CHIATRIC ASSOCIATION IS ALSO OF LIMITED VALUE. THE ONLY TRUE INDI-CATOR OF WHAT TO EXPECT FROM AN X-FACTOR FEMALE IS HER PLACE ON THE BIBLICAL SCALE OF PERSONALITY DEVELOPMENT. THE WISE MAN WILL USE THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS AS SIGN-POSTS, CHARTING A COURSE FOR PAIN-FREE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE'S GREATEST BLESSING WITHOUT INCURRING ITS WORST CURSES. (turn page >>)



THE SEVEN DEADLY QUIMS

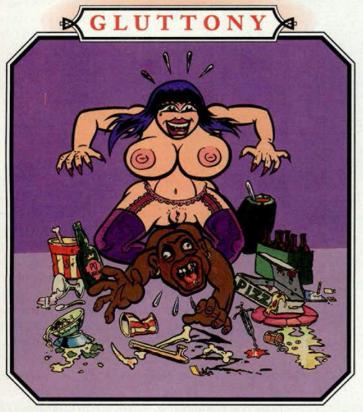
Women as the Root of All Temptation



Women who flaunt an unreasonable conceit of superiority can be seen on every page of Vogue magazine and in any XXX video that features Savannah. The self-infatuated chippie's allure is irresistible and demeaning. You are not worthy, her insolent face tells us in terms that brook no argument. Verily, no man is sufficient unto her elevated stature; still, we can't help but wish we were. The desire to prick a pompous, inflated bimbo and deflate her inordinate arrogance is perfectly natural and nearly universal.

The prideful woman's gaze seldom wavers from some reflective surface—be it a mirror, a jeweled strip of precious metal or the shiny plating of a chrome-gilded vibrator. Her focus is always upon wherever she appears. The objective of maneuvers with the vainglorious vixen is to pop her eyes open with shock and surprise, capturing her fully outraged attention.

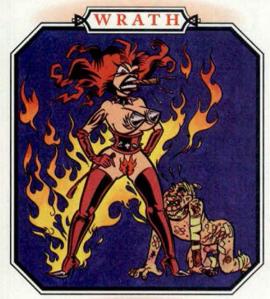
WARNING: HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE THAT OF THE PRIDEFUL WOMAN AFTER A MISPLACED EJACULATE HAS RUINED HER HAIR.



Not all gluttons are fat. The deceptively skinny glutton is both as dangerous and as enticing as any other morally flawed minge. The physical signs of excessive eating and boozing—specifically, lard and bloat—are often disguised through a strict regimen of après-snack vomiting and a self-administered course of drug therapy, with cocaine or heroin being most effective.

HER HUNGRY-PUPPY EYES, HER REFLEXIVELY GRASPING BABY HANDS, A MOUTH THAT WOULD RATHER WOLF AND GULP THAN CONVERSE—WHO CAN DENY THE APPEAL OF SHE WHO WOULD DEVOUR ALL WITHIN HER REACH?

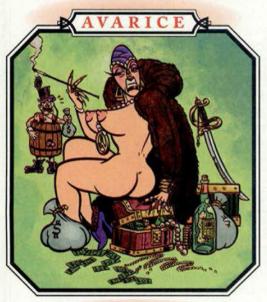
THE PROBLEM: ONCE HE HAS BEEN GREEDILY SWALLOWED, ORDERED HER TWO PIZZAS AND AN EIGHT BALL AND VALIANTLY WORKED HIS THIGH MORSEL BACK UP TO MEAL-SIZE, THE VORACIOUS DAINTY'S CONSORT WILL BE ASSAILED BY THE DISTURBING FEELING THAT SHE SEES HIM AS NOTHING MORE THAN A 180-POUND APPLE FRITTER.



BETWEEN PMS, THE MENSTRUAL PERIOD ITSELF, AND POST-MENSTRUATION, THE WRATHFUL WOMAN HAS AN AVERAGE OF SIX WAKING HOURS PER MONTH WHEN HER BEHAVIOR APPROXIMATES THAT OF A REASONABLE HUMAN BEING. WHAT KIND OF MAN IS DRAWN TO A RAGING TUNA WHOSE HABITUAL MODE OF COMMUNICATION IS INTENSE, FORCEFUL ANGER EXPRESSED VEHEMENTLY AND ACCOMPANIED BY BITTERNESS, MALIGNANCY AND CONDEMNATION? HE IS USUALLY EITHER A GAMBLER OR A BUSINESSMAN.

THE BETTING MAN WAGERS THAT A FLARING FEMME'S OMINOUS, THREAT-ENING, VOLATILE AURA WILL TRANSLATE

INTO A PASSION VERGING UPON VIO-LENCE IN THE REALM OF THE SHEETS. THE STRICTLY BUSINESS MAN LIKEWISE BASES HIS INTEREST IN A SCREAMING SIREN ON THE PREMISE THAT SHE WILL FUCK LIKE A BANSHEE. AS LONG AS THE HORRID HARRIDAN RETURNS A BOTTOM-LINE BED PERFORMANCE THAT IS AT LEAST AS FRENZIED AS HER OUTBURSTS OF TEMPER AT DINNER, IN THE CAR AND AFTER SHE HAS MISSED HER ORGASM. HER INVESTORS WILL CONTINUE TO FUNNEL THEIR RESOURCES INTO HER. GETTING OUT IN TIME IS THE KEY TO CARNAL COMMERCE WITH THE WRATH-FUL WOMAN, SAVING STITCHES, CONTU-SIONS AND SLASHED SUITS.



AVARICE IS TO PLAIN GREED WHAT AIDS IS TO A 24-HOUR FLU. GIVE HER JEWELS, FLOWERS, FURS, A BRAND-NEW MAZDA RX-7—AS LONG AS A SINGLE GEM REMAINS IN A FAR-OFF AFRICAN MINE, AS LONG AS BLOSSOMS BLOOM IN A GARDEN NOT HERS, AS LONG AS ANIMALS WALK AROUND IN THEIR OWN COATS, AND UNTIL EVERY MOTORIST HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A PEDESTRIAN, THE COVETOUS SLOT WILL NOT BE CONTENT. SHE EXACTS MORE THAN HER FAIR SHARE FROM ANYONE WHO DEALS WITH HER, AND SHE DEMANDS

EVERYONE ELSE'S SHARE AS WELL. RAPACIOUS AND TIRELESS, THE AVARICIOUS MANTRAP'S INSATIABLE DESIRE TO POSSESS IS A PHENOMENON THAT INSPIRES AWED FASCINATION FROM IMPARTIAL OBSERVERS AND A HYPNOTIZED DREAD FROM HER PREY, POWERLESS AS HE IS TO HALT THE TRANSFER OF ALL HIS WORLDLY GOODS INTO HER NAME. HER NATURAL HABITAT IS FAMILY COURT, A VICIOUS JUNGLE WHERE SHE HUNTS AT WILL WITH HER SYMBIOTIC PARTNER IN CUPIDITY: THE DIVORCE LAWYER.

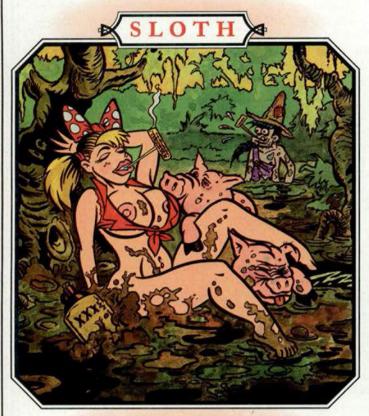


ENVY AND WHINING GO TOGETHER LIKE MANIPULATION AND PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE BEHAVIOR, AND THEY CAN ALL BE EXPECTED FROM THE UNFORTUNATE DRAB WHO SUFFERS FROM A PAINFUL AND RESENTFUL AWARENESS OF ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY OTHERS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DESIRE TO POSSESS THOSE SAME ADVANTAGES. THE ENVY-AFFLICTED FLIT WISHES SHE COULD BE AN AVARICIOUS BITCH, BUT

SHE LACKS THE INITIATIVE. AN ENVIOUS GIRL ISN'T THE WORST CATCH A
MAN CAN MAKE—AT LEAST NOT INITIALLY. ESPECIALLY IF SHE HAS MANAGED TO STEAL HIM AWAY FROM A
WIFE AND KIDS, SHE WILL LAVISH ON
HIM ALL MANNER OF EXOTIC ATTENTIONS. HIS INFATUATION WITH HER
WILL LAST AS LONG AS HE'S CONTENT
TO NEVER HAVE ANYTHING BETTER
THAN WHAT SHE'S GOT.

THE SEVEN DEADLY QUIMS

Women as the Root of All Temptation



HER APATHY AND INACTIVITY IN THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE MAKE THE SLOTHFUL SLOT AN EASY PLAY FOR THE MALE LOOKING TO EXERCISE HIS MOST BASE INSTINCTS. SHE IS READILY AVAILABLE AS A CUM-RECEPTACLE, AND HER CRAVEN INDIFFERENCE TO SHODDY TREATMENT AND SQUALID ENVIRONS MAKES HER THE IDEAL WAD-SOW. HOWEVER, A SLUGGISH, LAZY AND IDLE BEDMATE HAS MANY INHERENT DRAW-BACKS. THOUGH INDOLENTLY UNPROTESTING IN THE FACE OF THE WORST EROTIC TRAVESTIES, SHE WILL NEVER INITIATE ANY KIND OF WEIRD SEX TRIP ON HER OWN. SHE CANNOT BE EXPECTED TO CLEAN UP AFTER HERSELF IN THE KITCHEN, OR TO FLUSH THE TOILET AFTER ABUSING HER BATHROOM PRIVILEGES. SHE MIGHT LOOK OKAY TO START, IN HER SLUGGISH, DEJECTED FASHION, BUT HER APPEARANCE WILL NEVER IMPROVE. THAT SLOPPY TWAT? IT JUST GETS MESSIER, AND SHE SELDOM HAS THE ENERGY TO CONFINE HER-SELF TO A SINGLE SOURCE OF POLLUTION.



What could be wrong with a vagina owner whose LIFE IS PROPELLED BY SEXUAL DESIRE, ESPECIALLY OF A VIOLENT, SELF-INDULGENT CHARACTER? IMAGINE THAT. SHE'S LECHEROUS; SHE'S LASCIVIOUS; HER CRAVINGS, WHEN CATERED TO, ONLY IGNITE FURTHER LONGINGS. THE LUSTFUL WENCH WILL ALLOW ANOTHER WOMAN TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE EROTIC MIX; IN FACT, SHE IS QUITE LIKELY TO BE THE FIRST TO SUGGEST BRINGING ANOTHER HOLE TO THE PARTY. SHE WILL BE OPEN TO ALL MANNER OF MECHANICAL PLAYTHINGS: DILDOS, HANDCUFFS, LOTIONS AND UNGUENTS. WHAT HER MAN CANNOT IMAGINE, SHE WILL THINK OF FOR HIM. OF COURSE, TURNABOUT WILL COME TO HER MIND. THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER PENIS OR TWO OR THREE WILL BE DEMANDED. THOSE HANDCUFFS? THE LUBRI-CANTS? THAT DILDO? BEND OVER AND TAKE IT LIKE HALF A MAN. THOSE EXTRA PENISES FOR HER ADDED GRATIFICATION? PUCKER UP. A GUY'S OWN CUM, AND HIS DOG? BE READY TO SWALLOW ALL PRIDE. PREPARE TO BECOME BOWSER'S HUMAN DOGGY-DOOR.

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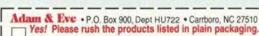




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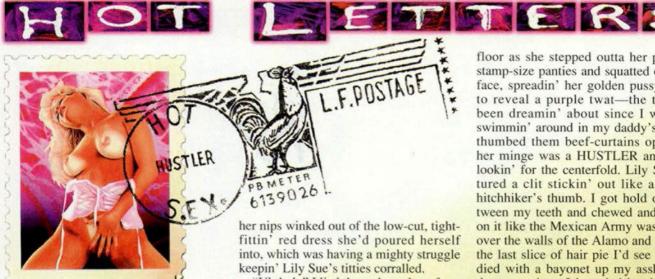
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AUST HAVE TOUCHTONE BHONE AND BE IS OR



COW POKE

Stupid foreigners say there's nothin' in Texas 'cept steers and queers. Here in the Lone Star State, we say a faggot is a man who likes women more than football. As for steers, well, let me just say this: If I was feelin' hornier than a dog with two dicks, and my ol' lady wasn't around, I wouldn't go near a fuckin' steer. Give me a fine-lookin' heifer any day of the week!

I'd gladly take another 20 minutes with Lily Sue, the daughter of the meanest cattle rancher in this part of the state. Lily Sue came on by the feed store where I work last Saturday mornin', when I was nursin' a hangover that woulda killed Hank Williams and Hank Jr. Me and my buddy Lyle had been out on a pussy chase the night before, but I lost track of Lyle and got me nothin' more than two fights, no fucks and half a handjob from some truck-stop hooker who lit out on me 'cuz I was too fucked-up to fill her head with pretty lies. That's how I came to be stackin' shelves with a black eye and blue balls when Lily Sue walked in and headed right for me, her milky tits plowin' through the air like a dead heat in a Goodyear blimp race.

"Oh, T-Dub," crooned Lily Sue, waggin' her heart-shaped ass. "I need to ask you an eensy-weensy favor."

My beer-reddened eyes detected a bead of sweat tricklin' across her left knocker and disappearin' down the chasm of her cleavage. It was so humid, Lily Sue coulda grown rice in the crack of her ass. The thought made my pecker buck up like Champion the Wonder Horse with a plug of tobacco up his butt.

"Y'all okay, T-Dub?" purred Lily Sue, leanin' closer and givin' me a close-up view of her charlies. The edge of one of "Uh-huh," I lied through my beer fog.

"Well, baby, you look like shit; so maybe now's a good time to ask you for that favor," said Lily Sue. "Before my daddy took off outta town last night, he asked me to head on down here and pick up one of them big ol' cow inseminators. But I went out on the honky-tonk merrygo-round last night, and darn it if I didn't wake up this mornin' in the backseat of my Ford Bronco with no panties on and your buddy Lyle's pecker tracks all over my Stetson. I spent the money Daddy gave me, and if he gets home tonight and sees there's no inseminator, he'll beat my ass till it glows in the dark.'

She scooted to the door and locked it, switched the sign so it said CLOSED, then put a red-nailed hand on my Waylon 'n' Willie belt buckle and tugged it open. All my troubles started to fade away as Lily Sue pushed me into the back room. I didn't argue when she popped each of my swollen nuts into her warm, wraparound mouth, one at a time, meanwhile yankin' furiously on my swiftly revivin' Texas Panhandle.

When Lily Sue commenced to lick my fireman's helmet, I nearly let her have it full in the face with the backed-up jizz from my previous night's frustration. But I wasn't about to let her have no \$200 inseminator for two minutes of tube-steak munchin.' To keep my mind occupied, I eased the straps of her dress over her shoulders. Her twin watermelons careened into freedom, and I pinched her ruddy nipples till they stiffened to the size of Marlboro filters. I hankered for a few long drags.

As Lily Sue was doin' all this to get her hands on a cow-dildo for Ol' Man Kaiser, I'm certain she wasn't feelin' any pain in the process. We tumbled onto the floor, and I finally shucked my retail duds, meanwhile tuggin' off that dumb dress of hers. I lay back on the

floor as she stepped outta her postagestamp-size panties and squatted over my face, spreadin' her golden pussy-thatch to reveal a purple twat—the type I'd been dreamin' about since I was still swimmin' around in my daddy's balls. I thumbed them beef-curtains open like her minge was a HUSTLER and I was lookin' for the centerfold. Lily Sue featured a clit stickin' out like a pygmy hitchhiker's thumb. I got hold of it between my teeth and chewed and sucked on it like the Mexican Army was comin' over the walls of the Alamo and this was the last slice of hair pie I'd see before I died with a bayonet up my asshole. At the same time, I kneaded her bazooms with one hand and put the other one between her ass cheeks and let my middle finger slide slowly into her shit-pipe, right up to the knuckle, like I was tryin' on an engagement ring for size.

The bitch went wild! She whooped and squealed and reached behind to grab my nut-sack, which by now felt like it was the size of a fully inflated driver'sside air bag. She flipped herself 'round on my head.

"Get in there and rim that thang, boy!" barked Lily Sue, like a marine drill sergeant makin' a jarhead clean out the boot-camp shithouse. I couldn't answer. Her puckered butthole was Frenchin' my lips. I set to slickin' down all her sharp little ring-hairs before I prized that sphincter open with my tongue.

Meantime, Lily Sue got down to business on my knob, givin' that ol' boy the

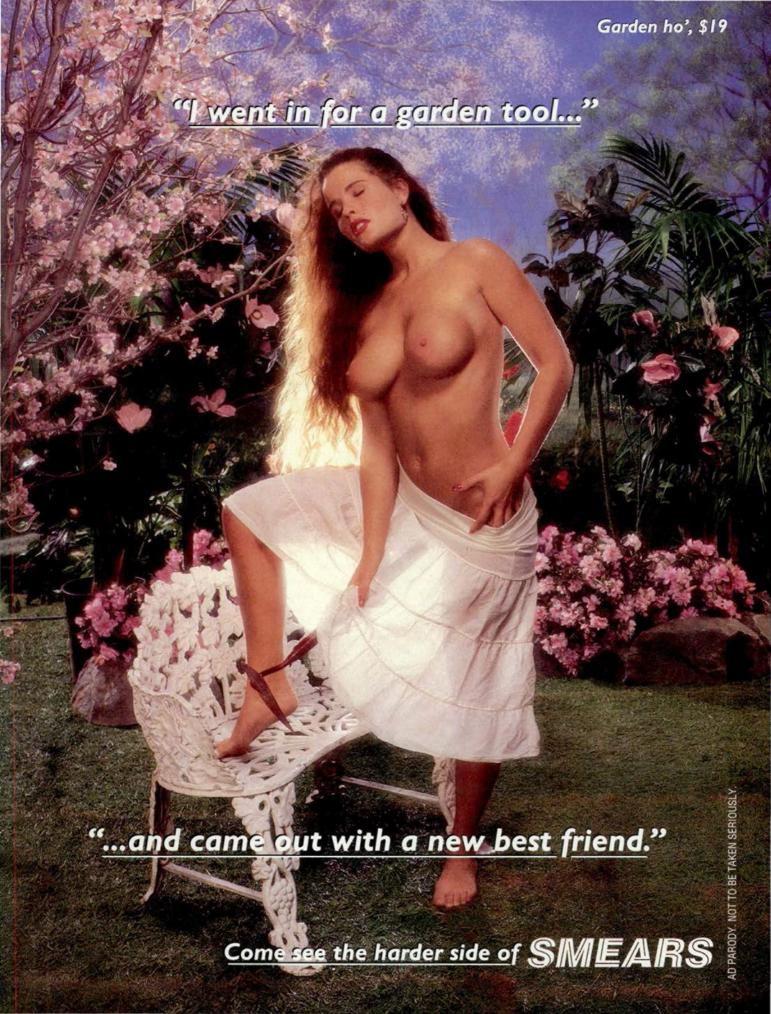


full-on Texas hospitality treatment. She pulled my balls till I thought she'd about rip 'em off. She was treatin' my cock like you hadn't oughta treat a cur-dog, and that little fucker was lovin' every minute of the ordeal.

"Ain't this the best fuckin' hangover cure ever invented?" panted Lily Sue.

Let me tell you, I'd forgotten all about the night before. The only reminder was the dull ache in my boilin', fit-to-bust

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER



HOT LETTERS

I put the other hand between her ass cheeks and let my middle finger slide slowly into her shit-pipe, right up to the knuckle, like I was tryin' on an engagement ring for size.

scrote, seethin' with white crude, ready to blow like a wildcat well. The time had come to get my money's worth.

"Okay, Lily Sue," I told her. "Get your ass over there on them feed bags and open up that pussy like a pigsty door. Ol' T-Dub's gettin' ready to bring home the bacon."

Lily Sue flung herself on her back and raised those long, ivory, cheerleader legs of hers till her knees were almost behind her ears. Then she reached down and pulled apart the petals of her purple rose of Texas. I sank myself in up to the hilt. Her cunt-muscles gripped my shaft like it was the handle of one of her daddy's golf clubs. I only got about five strokes in before I felt my sack tighten, and I knew the whole fuckin' town was gonna blow. I pulled out and heard a sticky pop. Lily Sue's pussy had let out a ladylike cunt-fart.

I staggered one step backward as she sat up to receive a bath of low-fat, highprotein yogurt. She tugged on my prick and gave him a quick lick and slurp. With my achin' balls filled to overflowin', I felt like a trick-roper at the rodeo, tossin' a semen lariat around Lily Sue's creamy tits and their plum-colored nipples. She took half a pint right down the back of her throat, and there was enough left over to flow outta the sides of her mouth in thick, creamy strings like Trigger's reins.

I went to the back of the store and fetched Lily Sue a custom-tooled bovine inseminator, a foot-and-a-half long, made of stainless steel.

"Thank you, T-Dub," she smiled. "Since you and your fuckwit buddy Lyle can't get it together between the two of you, I guess this is the only thing left in this whole one-horse town that's gonna T-Dub get me off!"

Wichita Falls, Texas

BOW DOWN TO AUTHORITY

My first sexual experience-if you can call it that-was fantasizing about my summer-camp counselor at the age of ten. The imagined sight of his raw, veiny pole poking out from under that toggled khaki shirt-with name badge and cute little knitted shield on it-must have left an indelible impression, because I've had a twitch in my pants for a man in uniform ever since.

Last month, I was coming back through LAX from London, where I'd been

based during my two-month Euro-rail trip around Italy, Germany, France and Spain. I'd gobbled gendarmes in Paris, rimmed a Guardia Civil officer in Madrid, done squat thrusts on a London bobby's cum-truncheon and taught an opulently red-robed fathead the real meaning of the word beefeater when I lowered my groaning piss-flaps, inch by agonizing inch, down his Bloody Tower.

But my vacation was over, and the 11hour flight had left me bad-tempered. A spot of turbulence over the Atlantic had all the passengers confined to their seats. Pilot, co-pilot, navigator, steward-I wasn't fussy. Any joystick was fine with me, but it was not to be.

I hadn't taken a shower in 48 hours, and before the flight I'd eaten a seriously fart-inducing curry along with the unwholesome jism of the London's Piccadilly Circus Burger King manager, right there on a palette of half-rotten Whopper patties in his own walk-in refrigerator. I probably had ground beef in my pubes still. During the whole flight I could smell the musky odor of what I assumed was my own asshole.

Two hot-looking officers stood at the

head of the line at LAX customs, busy making themselves real popular by turning everybody's bags and cases inside out. I had the urge to let them turn me inside out.

When I hit the head of the line, they brought the sniffer dog, a real dumblooking beagle, over to check out my bags; so I let out a silent but wicked curry fart, which commanded the little fucker's attention. Then I crouched down next to him and gave him a whiff of my stillbeef-encrusted bush, meanwhile glancing anxiously at my customs boys, trying to look as suspicious as possible.

When old Snoopy got a sniff of my pulsating Red Baron, he went fucking apeshit! I mean, he was barking, slobbering and yowling like a motherfucker and, best of all, shoving his head up my short, smelly miniskirt. Between his shuddering haunches I could see the wannabe mastiff was having problems trying to master a major stiffy.

In less than a minute, I was being frog-marched down a brightly lit corridor by these two hunks of khaki-clad officialdom. The darker-haired of the two opened a large, black door, and his blond colleague shoved me through. We entered a windowless room, covered from floor to ceiling with bright, utterly clean tiling. I guessed that this was where they stuck you if they thought you were car-

(continued on page 41)





"A car salesman and a lawyer-wow, did you boys get on the wrong bus!"

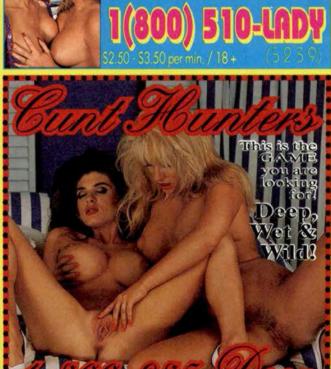
















DEEP INSIDE TIFFANY MYNX

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Various; starring Tiffany Mynx, Chanel, Valeria, P. J. Sparxx, Melanie Moore, Randy West, Mike Horner, Tony Tedeschi, Cody Adams and Jonathan Morgan. Videocassette: VCA.

It's a sad era in porn when the fan who loves fresh 'n' bouncy torso-floppers is so disheartened by the omnipresence of dead-weight silicone cancer-implants that seeing a flat-chested strum-

Making muck on Mynx's midsection.

pet strut on-screen elicits sighs of relief. "At least they're real," chirp the titmavens. Natural relief comes to the modern age of XXX in the form of Tiffany Mynx, a real superstar with ample, unretouched fun-sacks who well deserves Deep Inside, "best-of" compilation treatment. Between Mynx's babbling interview segments, Chanel worthily treats Mynx to what the



Deep Inside: Mynx makes it mutt-style.

latter claims was her maiden lesbo labe-munch; Tony Tedeschi's ripe tool receives Tiff's paradisiacal rubber-lipped rousting; Mynx makes like the meat in a poke-hoagie with Jonathan Morgan and Teutonic über-vixen Valeria; P. J. Sparxx packs each of Tiffany's tunnels with the assistance of some obviously fake dicks and Randy West's real-looking one; Mike Horner muff-laps, mounts and makes tapioca on Mynx's mug; West reams Tiff in the tush once more; and Mynx and Cody Adams descend on Melanie Moore in a triumphant, tape-closing, malt-coaxing ménage à trois. There's not a fake boob to be found *Deep Inside* Tiffany Mynx, and all that free-moving flesh coupled with the vaginally charged, vivacious appeal of the title starlet guarantees hard bones all around. Crawl *Deep Inside* this natural wonder.



BASKET TRICK

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Norman; starring Diva, Sierra, Tom Byron, Debbie Jointed, Nick East, James Webb, Heather Lee, Shady O'Toole and Cherry Stone. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

If anything can get kids to turn off MTV and develop an interest in literature, it's the book that Sierra reads in Basket Trick. Every time the nympho, brunet waif cracks her tome and reads a few lines, porn workers start fucking like horny people. Sierra's the central protagonist of the first chapter, enticing a pair of dicks to pop into her pussy and pooper and then pop off, one on each tit. A Mexican-style muff in steel-studded black-leather bra and leggings has her pussy parted by a big, blackman tongue and her ass spritzed by the sputum of a big, blackman dong. A long, lean-looking slattern who resembles Ronald Reagan's daughter Patti Davis has her turds packed and a slop of semen cast upon the sweat-sheen of her torso. Two mini-chicks with baby butts bang beavers in a poolside grapple, and a testicle-charming blonde spins in a hammock while a penis pole pokes her through the netting. Basket will -Christian Shapiro do the trick.



Sierra: chick in the Basket.



RETURN OF THE CHEERLEADER NURSES

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bionca; starring Tiffany Million, Melanie Moore, Debi Diamond, Lacey Rose, Crystal Wilder, Alex Jordan, Sharon Kane, Rebecca Bardoux, Kiss, Nikki Sinn, Stacy Nichols, Shawnee Cates, Randy Spears, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough and Justin Case. Videocassette: VCA.

Like candy that's two mints in one, Return's cheerleader nurses embody two separate slut prototypes. It's a goofy idea goofily executed in this video—but since when is goofy unwhackable? A piffle of a plot (that carries on a bit too long) propels a plethora of porn babes who are nude or seductively near to it (in appropriate medical and/or varsity garb). Dr. Randy Spears electrifies Lacey Rose's poop hoop with a vibrator, then paints her tits with mayonnaise; Tiffany Million delivers great 69 to the dick of Jon Dough, while in the next ward Debi Diamond does herself. Joey Silvera is the lucky twerp who enjoys Rebecca Bardoux's perky nerps, building to the climactic, near-classic, all-girl cluster-fuck antic that crowns Sharon Kane as the undisputed champion of anal-bead manipu-



Instinct: sucking and squeezing Gere.

lation. Kudos to her. The casual, cute and erotic cameo appearances of Kiss, Stacy Nichols, Nikki Sinn and others who fill locker rooms and hospital corridors as kissing candy-stripers and nipplepuckering pom-pom girls raise Return of the Cheerleader Nurses to must-stroke status. —S. H.



Cheerleader Nurses come again.



ANIMAL INSTINCT

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Ashlyn Gere, Christina Angel, Veronica Sage, Tabatha Cash, Alex Sanders, Jonathan Morgan and Steven St. Croix. Videocassette: Vivid Film.

The director of Animal Instinct is listed as Judy Blue, a name employed by porn-maker Paul Thomas when the project has been hopelessly botched, such as when a missing soundtrack necessitates unbelievably lame and unsynchronized overdubbing of moans and groans. Thomas's main skill as Blue is collecting diverse erotic factors—such as three-girl gropes, two-couple foursomes, group sex, guys on girls, butt fucking, jizz on exemplary tits, alfresco bone-athons, doggy-style pussy eating, shithole licking, chicks kissing with dick in their lips, the exotic French-hybrid slit Tabatha Cash, kitchen-counter carnality, the beast-like bone-hunger of Ashlyn Gere, '70s leopard-skin, spike-heel boots, comely Veronica Sage, sweet blonde Christina Angel and enough cunt-lapping to quench the pussy-parched masses in San Quentin—and making it all add up to absolute tedium. It's not Animal Instinct, it's Paul Thomas's.

BACHELOR PA TY 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Sydney, Marilyn Martin, Maeva, T. T. Boy, Ron Jeremy, Derick Taylor, Damon Zues, Blake Palmer, Steven St. Jox and A Bunch of Other Guys. Videocassette: Fantastic Pictures.

Three whores show up at a bachelor party. They strip, have oil squirted onto them, eat each other out



Bachelor Party 2: Sydney sandwich.

and then get fucked nonstop for 90 minutes in the mouth, cunt and ass by a dozen or so goofball guys. That's all that happens in Bachelor Party 2. and it's fucking great. All-sex extravaganzas such as this one sink or swim on the appeal and energy of the performers; BP 2 offers a bounty, most notably a tiny blonde who accepts two cocks at one time into what was once her tiny anus. Trains are pulled, triple penetrations abound, and the realistic air of mild hostility—such as when T. T. Boy stuffs his pee-pee bone into the largely appealing Sydney, then distracts her from the dick she's sucking by vanking her hair a bit harder than her reaction indicates she expected—makes this the Party of the year. The girls are red and exhausted by the tape's end, as will be the most important appendage of the sofa-stroker at home. Get invited to Bachelor Party 2. -S. H.

ADVENTURES OF BUCK NAKED

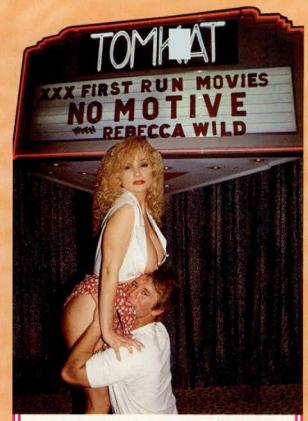
Half Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Sean Michaels, Rebecca Wild, Dee Smooth, Valeria, Peter North, Lana Sands, Angel Bust and Lilli Exene. Videocassette: Odyssey Group.

Sean Michaels is the naked Negro who stars as Buck Naked, some sort of detective-for-hire who has been retained to rescue a kidnapped damsel from the Eastern European country of Clitorania. The ter-

rain of Clitorania looks a lot like a backyard in California's San Fernando Valley, and the fucking appears to have come from that region as well. Dark Michaels slithers on a red bedspread licking the labes of a slatternly, blond slop-slot in blue lingerie. Her hair is trashy; her tits are flashy; his dick is huge and hard. The action is shot from the ceiling, from the carpet—nice views all around. Two decent sluts glom onto one another; one straps on a huge dong, and the other grits her teeth and opens for it. Peter North choad-coats the throat of Angel Bust after pumping her ungodly breasts. A thick clog of Afro-American wad drips along Rebecca Wild's tits, and a lightred head opens her mouth for Michaels's gooey tool-spit. Buck Naked could be more adventurous, but it's a safe stroke.—C. S.



Adventuress with Buck, naked.



STRAIGHT MOTIVE GAY THEATER

Harkening back to swankier days in the wank biz. Buck Adams's newest release. No Motive. enjoyed a springtime premiere at a real Hollywood movie palace: the world-famous Tomkat, located on a flamboyantly homosexual stretch of Santa Monica Boulevard. In its regular hours, the Tomkat is a men-only stroke-hole garishly decorated in tropical colors and leopard skin. For No Motive, the Tomkat temporarily shooed away the shi-shi boys, broke out its best twist-cap champagne and offered a buffet that was impressive—until Ron Jeremy showed up. The flick, which features auteur Adams as a murderous meat-wielder and Rebecca Wild as evidence of silicone technology run amok, is compelling and cock-twitching. Elements within the audience whooped their enthusiasm, distracting those simple sorts who simply wanted to whack off in peace. After the gala subsided, the Tomkat reverted to gay features, bid a hasty good-bye to the presence of vaginal walls within its own and left boystown safe for the festering of faggotry once again. All involved should be very proud.



Half Erect. Directed by Stuart Canterbury; starring Leena, Veronica Sage, Angel Bust, Kaitlyn Ashley, Isis Nile, Joey Silvera, Peter North, Mike Horner and Alex Sanders. Videocassette: Odyssey Group.

"Murray, I'm a gangster," declaims Joey Silvera in a bad impersonation of a bad movie actor doing a bad job depicting a bad hood. "It's what I do." Peter North, as the lawyer who has sprung Silvera from the pen 25 years early, suggests his client go into a legitimate endeavor, such as "the nightclub business." So much for story; how's the sex? Kaitlyn Ashley's cocksucker eyes and powder-puff ass are in evidence in conjunction with Peter North's rod, which launches bolts of cum as Ashley's tongue whips like an epileptic snake. Isis Nile and Leena compare and contrast their boob jobs. Mike Horner porks sow-tit Angel Bust, and picture-pretty Veronica Sage looks the other way and tries to snooze through her coupling with Alex Sanders, approaching wakefulness as he crams up her butt. Silvera caps the attraction by climbing Leena's chest and jerking on her chin. Carlita's is okay one time around, but don't expect to come back that way.

—C. S.



INTERACTIVE

Half Erect. Directed by Jace Rocker; starring Samantha Strong, Brittany Morgan, P. J. Sparxx, Mercedez, Peter North, Tom Byron, Tom Chapman and Pepe LePew. Videocassette: Sin City.

Samantha Strong returns to snizz 'n' jizz flicks only intermittently. In Interactive, Strong is still beautiful, still alluring, still sports a cardiac-inducing set of dairy-cannons, and is still as half-assed as ever in her loin-locking. She plays the head of a computer-dating service who bewitches Peter North. She sets North up first with P. J. Sparxx (whose wondrous hind-parts wobble dazzlingly as she works on North's noodle), then with dominatrix-dressed Brittany Morgan. North launches man-milk on Brittany's smallish, bound-in-leather boobs. Tom Byron sticks it to Strong next, and however lackluster her passion may seem, there is no denying the magnificence of her curvaceous physique. Hard-faced Mercedez takes Tom Chapman's tool in her tailpipe at tape's end. All told, Interactive will leave users restless.

—S. H.



STRAIGHT A'S

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by C. B. DeMille; starring Sierra, Meo, Chelly Supreme, Nina Suave, Tom Byron, Wise Mark and Tall John. Videocassette: VCA.

Aside from star aperture Sierra, the holes of *Straight A's* are strictly B-grade bimbos. Broads who border on ugly are the recurring curse of assfucking's cheaper taped depictions. From the looks of things, it costs too much to convince fully comely pro coozes to allow wrong-way passage to a flesh tube in their anal opening. So *Straight* has Chelly Supreme's artificial chest cones pointing to the sky as a dick drills her dump hole. Sneer-face Meo receives a desultory boning, and crass cunt Nina Suave receives a lick and a dick to her dirt ring and some dick spit on her filthy face. A's ends with Tom Byron pouring a slippery coating of kitchen oil all over Sierra, with the slimy fluid concentrating on her nether region and facilitating a satisfying slam of her shitter and wad drizzle on her cute mug. *Straight* A's is just not bent enough. —C. S.



Leena and Silvera: Carlita's best way



Interactive: North's pole in her, active.



Slick dick and chick: Straight A's.



put the Savannah Realistic Vagina rubber product to the ultimate test. His analysis follows.

Appearance: A giant, retarded mushroom with a botched skin graft and sparse, straw-like hair plugs.

Texture: Oily, slimy and cold. Not bad. **Taste:** Like chewing a tire. Acceptable.

Entry capability: Agonizing. Much lube required. Tester ultimately "cheated" and entered the sex chamber from its open-ended behind. ("The pussy was no good," he states, "but the ass was sort of okay.")

Fuck prowess: Below average. Even for a piece of plastic.

Realism: "If Savannah's movies are any indication, this lifeless tube that

requires maximum effort to garner even slight sensation is a top-notch duplicate."

Final Comments: "The idea for a fake pussy is fine. Next time they should model one after a real girl."

MUST BE





NO ANIMALS WERE INJURED DURING THE MAKING OF THIS REVIEW, BUT THE RUG GOT KIND OF MESSED UP







6

STRAP-ON SALLY: STRAP-ON PSYCHO

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jim Gunn; starring Ariana, Chantilly Lace, Jay Milo, Christy Baye, Shade, Sinammon, Alice Harvey, Diane Parker and Maria Moore. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Persian-looking (though not unappealing) Ariana is the titular Sally. She's got quite the penchant for detachable-dick action, but her desire to get as close as possible to the coochies of her eight co-cunts hardly qualifies her as a psycho. Ariana waxes philosophic on the universal ramifications of rubber goods, then bumps snatch scissors-style with refreshingly fleshy Diane Parker. Jay Milo—who sports spectacular nips, a passable boob job and a man's name—bounces about on a staircase while Ariana strokes her clit; the sumptuous-butted Shade swaps spit with Ariana as they roll all over a comfy couch and each other, until Milo and her bogus bozack return to join them. Christy Baye and Maria Moore succulently slurp each other while waiting for Ariana and Chantilly Lace to show up. They do, and a lot of appealing assflab flies. A well-shot, seven-girl, multi-dildo daisy chain closes the show. Sally is highly serviceable sapphist fare. Strap it on wisely.

—S. H.



Strap-on Psycho: Go nuts.

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 37



NIGHT TRAIN

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Ashlyn Gere, Tabatha Cash, Christina Angel, Brittany O'Connell, Alex Jordan, Colt Steele, Steven St. Croix, Joey Silvera and Nick East. Videocassette: Vivid Film.

Ashlyn Gere is on a darkened soundstage somewhere, pretending to sit behind the wheel of a car. Her attention wanders, as would anyone's, and fuckable chicks and dudes spring to mind. These imagined jizz friends share the ride and fill the screen with mandatory X-rated antics. Gere serves her poon butt-first to the hungry face of Joey Silvera, who follows the main course of intercourse with a splash of wad on Gere's proffered tits. Alex Jordan and Christina Angel form a pair of toothsome blondes who sandwich Gere with tongues, fingers and play-time prongs. Slinky Tabatha Cash sits on a skeeve as he sits on a toilet with his screw pole skewering her slippery sphincters. Sweet-titty tidbit Brittany O'Connell goes over Gere's knee for spanky, enticing a lurking penis to press into her lips, and Gere rewards a hulk who changes her tire with a run through her pussy. Night Train is often on track, but not for more than one trip.



UNDRESS TO THRILL

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Judy Blue; starring Dyanna Lauren, Tianna Taylor, Christina Angel, Deborah Wells, Jeannie Pepper, Marc Wallice, Brad Armstrong, Alex Sanders, Nick East and Colt Steele. Videocassette: Vivid Film.

Viewers are advised to undress for bed prior to watching *Undress to Thrill*, since they will be asleep shortly after the tape begins. *Undress's* only coupling of any interest comes early in an ineptly photographed living-room lesbo encounter between genteel Euro-ginch Deborah Wells and Tianna Taylor, the witchiest trailer-park poontang currently doing XXX—and also, somehow, the sexiest. The less-than-divine Christina Angel accepts Marc Wallice's bent banana; Dyanna Lauren walks in on the scene, gets mad at her husband Wallice, then blows off steam by stripping at a bachelor party, which makes total sense. Watching lovely Lauren peel down is a pleasure, but the ensuing incompetent filmmaking renders the rest of *Undress* worthless. Brad Armstrong gives Lauren his hot, limp one, which leads to a drearily lame orgy ending, where the promise of white-trash Taylor supping from Jeannie Pepper's monstrous black milk-sacks is never fulfilled. Some *Thrill*.

—S. H.



Night Train: in the toilet.



Wallice and Angel Undress: Where's the Thrill?

STROKER'S GUIDE

A QUICK CHECKLIST OF X-RATED FEATURES REVIEWED IN PAST ISSUES OF HUSTLER AND HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

New Wave Hookers 3 (VCA)

Crystal Wilder, Tiffany Million, Jon Dough

Sodomania 7 (Elegant Angel)

Tianna, Tammi Ann, Joey Silvera



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

Backdoor to the City of Sin (Anabolic)

Tiffany Mynx, Christina Dior, Rocco Siffreddi

Bikini Beach Part 3: Tropic Heat (Coast to Coast)

Sierra, Rebecca Bardoux, Alicia Rio

Blinded by Love (Odyssey Group)

Leena, Debi Diamond, Terry Thomas

Breastman's Ultimate Orgy (EVN)

Flame, Valeria, Jonathan Morgan Buttslammers 3 (Bruce Seven)

Felecia, Alicia Rio, Bionca

Deep Inside Deidre Holland (VCA)

> Deidre Holland, Melanie Moore, Randy Spears

Magic Box (Total Video)

Tiffany Mynx, Nicole London,

Video Virgins (New Sensations)

Veronica, Samontha, Gerry Plke



HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

Anal Rookies (Rosebud)

> Flame, Domonique Simone, Sean Michaels

Booty Sister (Rosebud)

Janet Jacme, Shayla, Peter North Bun Busters Volume 14

(L. B. O.)

Tobianna, Sally Layd, Zen
30 Days in the Hole

(Zane)

Vixxen, Adrianna, Dick Nasty

X-Citement: The Movie (X-Citement Video)

Tricia Yen, Pamela Dee, Rick O'Shea



ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

Black Fire (Visual Images)

Stormy Shores, Lil' Mama Jama, Hank Rose

Loopholes (Total Video)

Gayle Michelle, Crystal Wilder, Joey Silvera



TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

Margarita on the Rocks (Silver Foxx)

> Traci Prince, Nicki Design, Jack Mann

Truth or Dare (Vivid Video)

Hyapatia Lee, Patricia Kennedy, Randy West

FICK-CRAZED CUM-FILLED FEATURES!



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sexy girl next door. Stars Debi Diamond

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2 GIRLS FUCKING WITH

1 DILDO (Pin 206) TAKING IN A 15 INCH DICK SLOWLY (Pin 207) STRAIGHT FUCKING (Pin 208) GAY FUCKING (Pin 209)

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REMEMBER ONLY 75¢ A MINUTE

LETTERS

(continued from page 31)

rying half a dozen Baggies of uncut skag up your ass, or if you were suspected of being one shit away from dumping the Moonstone down the can.

The only item of furniture—apart from a sink containing a colander, presumably for sifting through Glad-Bagyielding turds—was a toilet with no water or exit.

"Strip, you fuckin' drug mule. Sit on there and take a good, hard shit," said the blond, whose badge proclaimed his name to be Dale. I was more than ready to comply. In less than ten seconds my bowels had fetched up the remnants of my curry, which hadn't cooled down any, despite having traveled 6,000 miles from its point of origin.

As Dale took my poop to the sink to pan it for gold, I caught a glimpse of his companion, Hector, snapping on a pair of gnarly rubber gloves and drawing a bead on my moldering vag. To show how cooperative I was gong to be, I hoisted my long, tanned legs up in the air and paved the way for his gloved hand by parting my rapidly moistening labes and giving my clitty an ostentatious tug. Hector reddened. I really made myself clear by cupping my back-straining hooters and thumbing the nipples into a state of extreme arousal. Hector manifested his deepening appreciation for me by way of a banana-shaped, tumescent bulge, which veered wildly, at a two o'clock angle, toward his holster.

When Dale turned from pounding my turds to tiny bits, the first thing he saw was Hector's piss-pipe jammed down my greedy throat, and his uptight balls bouncing off my saliva-soaked chin. Dale straightaway dived between my clammy thighs and set about eating my stinky snatch. I still had that shit-stained crapper under my churning cheeks. Old Dale must have been a sucker for punishment. He was getting off even more than the dog.

I whisked Hector's salami rapidly up to the boiling point, roughly squeezing his palpitating nuts as I licked and chewed on his gloppy glans. Every few seconds, I hawked up a new loogie and drenched his dick a little more. Pretty soon the spit was dripping off his balls in long, sticky strings.

With my other hand, I ground Dale's face hard against me. He was saying something, but between his mouth and tongue and my pussy sounds, all I could make out was a bunch of fart noises, which just got me hotter.

As Hector pulled out of my mouth, his

face turned ashen. After he pulled on his purple spunk-gun for a fraction of a second, his balls quivered and pumped a silver-gray arc of solid semen across my cheeks and chin.

Hector staggered back and fell over, tripping over the pants around his ankles. I commanded the whimpering and totally cunt-struck Dale to part my ass cheeks and sodomize me without pity or remorse. As he sank his pink pile driver into my burning bunghole, my rectal muscles clamped shut, and I held him there firmly and mercilessly, allowing the remaining vestiges of my lamb vindaloo to sink into his prick and, in all likelihood, remove a couple of layers of skin.

Oh, how that boy screamed and bitched, all the way to his pump-action climax, when his spunk was slick enough to allow him to unhitch his chopper from the jaws of my vise-like sphincter.

I got myself out of there less than five minutes later. An hour after that, I was back at my mom's house, toking on a spliff from the Moroccan hash cake I'd pulled out of my pussy the minute I got home. No wonder this country's losing the war on drugs!

—Candy

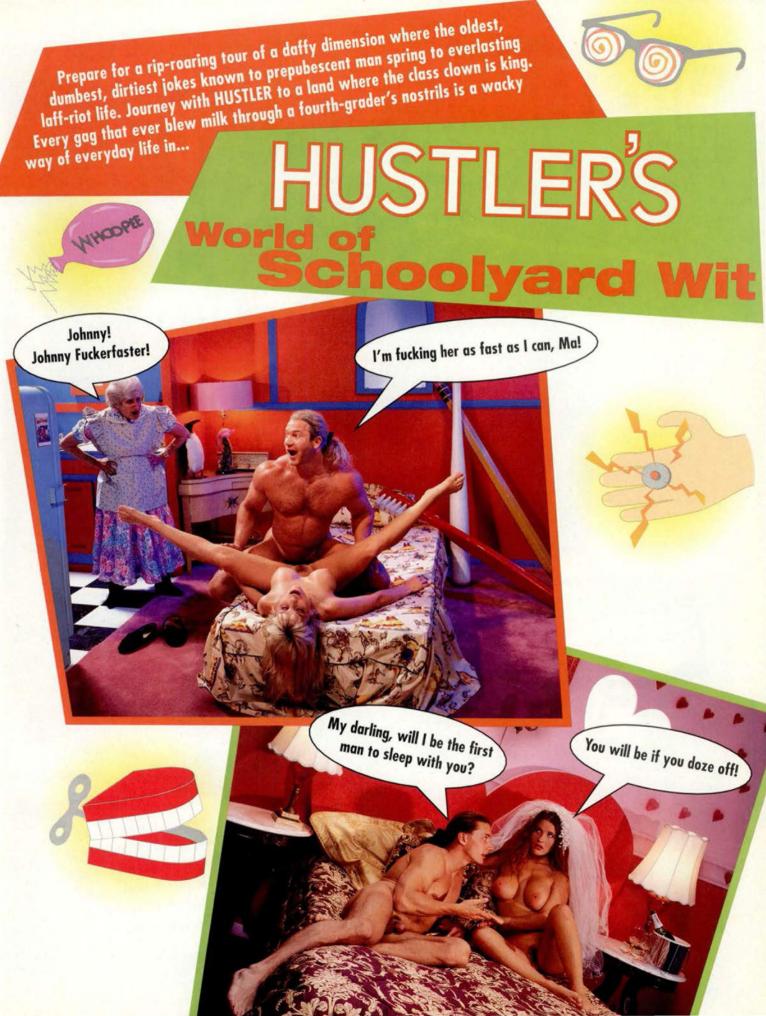
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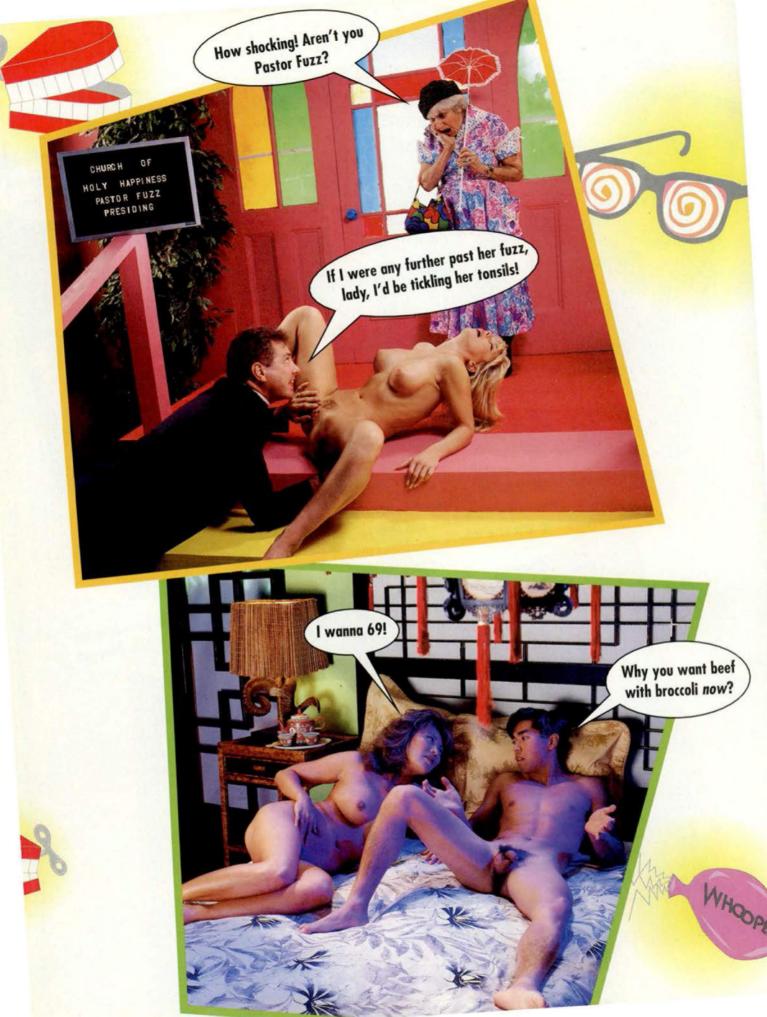
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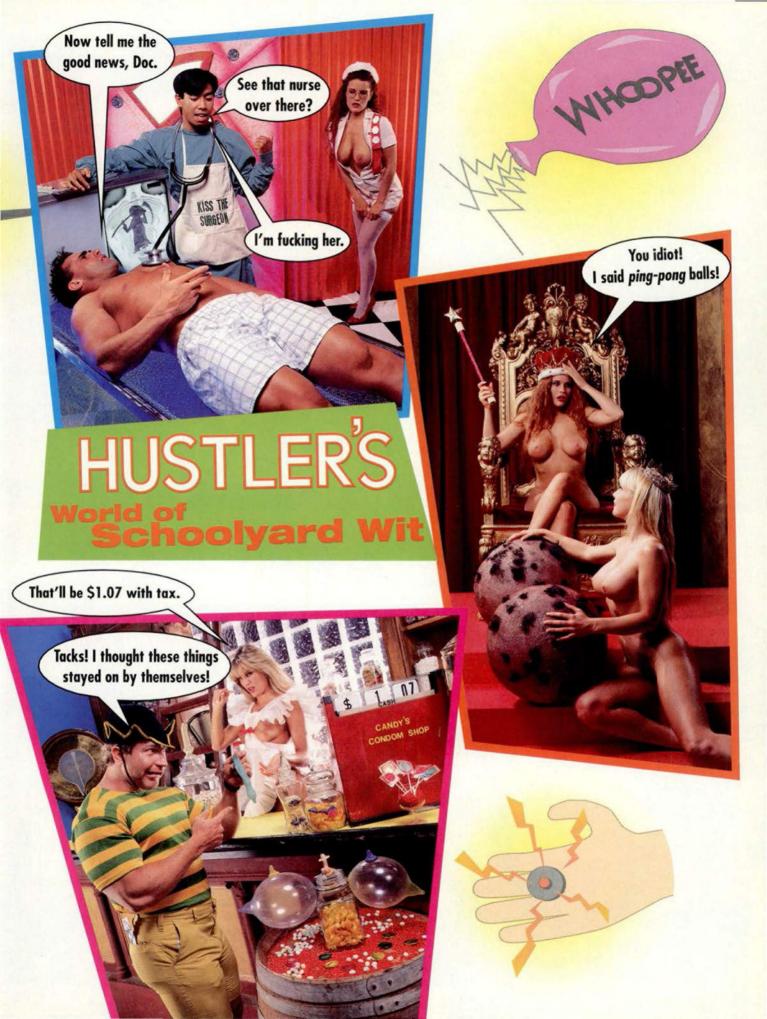




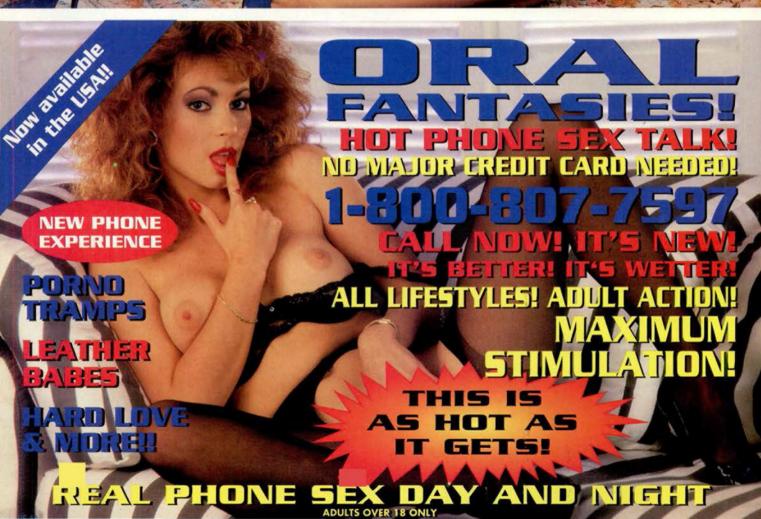














For years, men have held the secret to softer skin in the sacs of their balls. Now, the mystery has come out in a climactic new break-

has come out in a climactic new break through! Introducing Semen Breeze Facial Cleanser. Made with liv-

ing spermatozoa emollients, Semen Breeze swarms over her skin and squirms deep into pores to freshen her face's natural glow, This slick, loamy scrub also provides that cool, stinging "tingle" that lets her know the fizz is working.

Semen Breeze—Gentle enough for her breasts, but aimed at her face.

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WERE INJURED IN THE FILMING OF THIS GAG.



PHONE



Get a good phone fuck from our girls who phone fuck for 75c a min (min) TINA (College girl) **PIN NUMBER 401** BERTHA (Big tits) PIN NUMBER 402 ANTIONETTE (English) **PIN NUMBER 403** JAQUEL (French) PIN NUMBER 404 MARY (Ass fun) PIN NUMBER 405 PIN NUMBER 406 JOSIE (Domonation) TING LEE (Oriental) **PIN NUMBER 407**

SADISTIC SADIE

DIAL OUR 'FIRST TIME' GIRLS

INNOCENT SUSAN WEARS HER SCHOOL UNIFORM Pin number 413

SMALL MARY WANTS

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ONLY

PER MINUTE

EMINT

CALLS CHARGED AT 75c PER MINUTE (MIN)

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CALLS CHARGED AT 75c PER MINUTE (MIN)

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LISTEN IN

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to them talking dirty with a sex talk girl and you can hear them talking dirty when you dial

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CALLS CHARGED AT 75c PER MINUTE (MIN)

SMELL A WET

Using special mode\interactive hypno therapy we can get you to smell and taste that pussy while you have that fun dial



Pin number 412

ARE YOU IN THE TELEPHONE PORN BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY OR SET UP ABROAD. IF SO WE CAN DO BUSINESS FAX US ON 01144 272 221237

We got a whole bunch of people to tape record themselves doing dirty things to each other and to themselves. We got the microphone in close so you get good audio quality. Listen to these dirty fucking noises! on

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SCREAMS OF PAIN

BARBED WIRE FUCKING Pin number 422

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ALL GENUINE - NOT ACTING!

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Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Through the Mose The Allure of Women Who Stink

by Alex Marvel

Melanie is proud of her body. Her tits, she knows, are noticeably bigger than the tits of most girls. As she grinds her chest against the flexed pectorals of new acquaintance Ridley, she revels in the water-balloon consistency of her shapely, evenly balanced breasts with their crowning-jewel nipples. Melanie's lush, round ass cheeks and the lean, sprinter's legs that lead up to them are also a source of assurance to the girl. She doesn't need a mirror to tell her that the incentives of her hooded sloe-eyes, flaring nostrils and joy-sucking mouth are enough to urge any man beyond the threshold of orgasm.

But something weird is happening. Her primary physical attractions, she feels, are being overlooked. Why does this man persistently wedge his

nose into her armpit as he thrashes toward climax? In an intoxicated trance. he inhales deeply. Drawing a long, shuddering

lungful of air from the juncture beneath Melanie's shoulder, Ridley snorts like a stallion and shoots a condomswelling series of semen bullets into her quim.

Melanie does get off, but still, she's puzzled. As Ridley lies spent, Melanie gets ready to say something, but then she notices that he is sniffing his fingers, the fingers that have so recently worked within her moist, steamy crevice. And his dick is getting hard again.

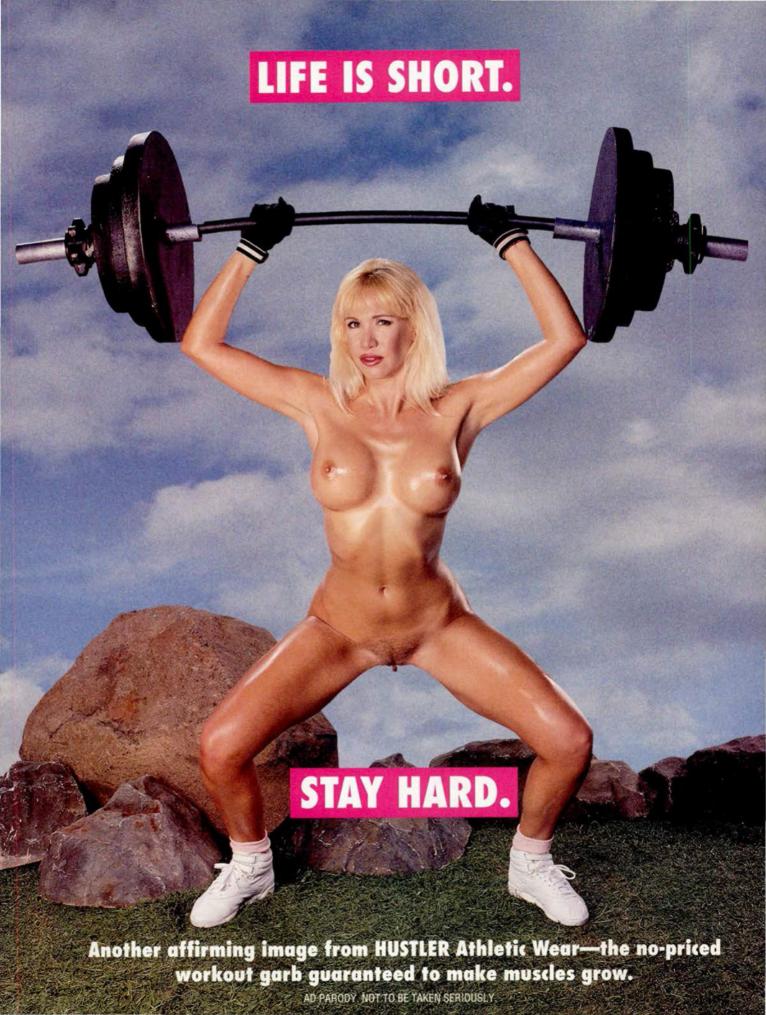
What Melanie doesn't know is that Ridley Ford is a man who has a nose for lust. He is not alone. When pruriently interested, the female body gives off a powerful chemical substance, called *pheromone*, that travels through the air like pollen and lodges deep within the nasal passages of any male in the vicinity. This airborne essence sends a signal along the neural chain leading to a man's brain. The brain, in turn, triggers a reaction—sometimes conscious, usually subliminal—in Mr. Downwind's vital organs.

As sales figures for deodorants in the United States indicate, most Americans are afraid of their own odors and the emanations of their bed partners, equating pungency with assorted unsavory, unsanitary conditions. Ridley's conscious use of the female body's sex-triggered scents to enhance his pleasure sets him apart from lesser, nosedead mortals.

"I'm not sorry about the way I am," insists Ridley, an accountant. "Napoleon used to force his old lady, Josephine, to wear the same underwear and not wash her trench for months on end while he was away. He'd come home and root nose-first in her rut, like a pig snuffling for truffles. Melanie is a sweet girl, easy to look at, but if she expects an apology because I get a bigger boner from the smells in the flesh folds at the back of her knees than I get from her C cups, she can hold her breath. I'm not going to hold mine."

"The scent-activated male is a primal type," declares aroma therapist Wyatt Burphy, Ph.D., a frequent talk-show guest and author of *Good Scents: Sniffing Out Aromatic Romance, The Nostrils: Portals to Potency* and *When Bad Smells Come From Good People,* among other musty tomes. "The male is more susceptible to the lures of the olfactory nerves than is the female. The male, after all, descends from the predator archetype. He follows his nose as a wild beast follows its instincts. This man will be brash, impetuous, forceful. He is very much in touch with and comfortable with the animal side of his nature."

Brenda Jeckel, a 28-year-old publicity director, concurs with the expert: "Guys who are into smells are the





most ravaging fucks. I have this condition. Just before I get my period, my sweat has a sharper smell than it usually does. When I start dating a guy, I always wait to see how he's going to react the first time we do it when I'm 'ripe.' Did I forget to mention that I'm horniest at that time of the month? If his nose opens, and he rises to the occasion, I know

I've found someone I can sink my claws into."

Brenda's friend and coworker, 22-year-old Tammilou Hynea, says matter-of-factly, "I like men who behave like dogs. I want to see men overtaken by a force that's beyond their control. I like it when a man is overcome by the kind of passion that drives a pit bull to rip apart a poodle, and I love being the focal point of that passion. Men who are into smells can't hold back any more than a stud bulldog can resist a bitch in heat."

Tammilou tries to eliminate the element of chance in her pursuit of men who turn into frothing fuck-beasts at a whiff of redolent quim.

"I have no use for antiperspirants," says the nose-active advocate, dipping under her arms to savor her own allure. "I shower every day, and that's it. When I get within sniffing range of a man, I can sense if he plays my way, and I'll give his nasal tract special treats he couldn't possibly imagine."

On hot days, Tammilou concocts a special musky brew by wearing tight leather pants with no underwear. "By dinnertime," she reveals, "my pussy is basted. Some prissy, no-fun wuss would say it reeks, but a real man laps it up like ambrosia."

"I'm into smelly chicks like Tammilou," exclaims snuffer Ridley, "although usually I'm going after a more delicate bouquet. I'm sort of like how a gourmet is about wine or cigars."

Ridley's favorite source of scent, as previously indicated, is the creased area behind a woman's knee. "There's no other smell quite like it," he explains, smiling wetly. "It's fresh and light, very wispy. The closest smell to it is the odor that a girl with big breasts has at the bottom of her boobs, where the mammary flesh presses against the skin of her chest. But that underwire region is a bit tangier than behind the knee, probably because of the proximity to the armpits. Underarm tartness gives a nice boost at the moment of climax, but it can detract from the escalating sensual progression during foreplay."

.Motorcycle mechanic Carl Bonree's appreciation of olfactory charms may be less rarefied than Ridley's, but it is every bit as intense. "When I do a 69 with my chick," says Carl, "I make a conscious effort to keep my mouth on her pussy until she comes. Once she's satisfied, I

stretch out and pull her legs up so her toes are even with my face. She's a really good chick; so she keeps sucking while I'm wheezing and gasping all over her heels and arches. I'm like Tonya Harding huffing on an inhaler with those toes. In a matter of seconds, I'm filling my chick's mouth with chum. It's funny; she never wants to kiss me after I've suckled on her little piggies—which is cool, since her mouth is full of my wad."

Most women are receptive to a screw partner's nasal fixations; the olfactory obsession is, after all, an unfiltered savoring of the feminine essences. Hillary Skunkle views herself as particularly fortunate, "Hillary has a unique pussy," elucidates her husband. Damian, a coffee importer. "Her vagina goes through various stages of lubrication, starting with the initial wet arousal and intensifying with each successive orgasm, and every stage has its own distinct, increasingly fulfilling bouquet. After she comes three times, it's as if the room is suffused with the vaginal incense of three wholly different women, each more fragrant than the last. Naturally, I encourage her to go for as many climaxes as she can. After five orgasms, it's a toss-up to see which one of us will pass out first from sheer overload "

Menstruation, with its sloughing blood cells and ova, obviously creates a redolence all its own. Ridley, with his ultra-developed olfactory faculties, cannot maintain erection with a woman when she is on the rag.

The exclamation point in the lap of restaurateur Preston Surget, on the other hand, throbs most intensely when it encounters a period between a woman's thighs. "If a chick's got the red flow through her pussy petals," he explains, "then that's a rose by another name for me." Preston is quick to clarify the nature of his interest: "I'd never go down and eat a girl out when her voni's full of blood-that would be sick. And I don't necessarily want to smear the blood all over my chest for some modern-primitive effect. I just know that the fumes that escape when a woman pops out her tampon are a call of the wild to me. A lot of chicks want a little extra something in a heavy-flow-day fuck, and I'm the guy to give it to them. I find nothing dirty about it."

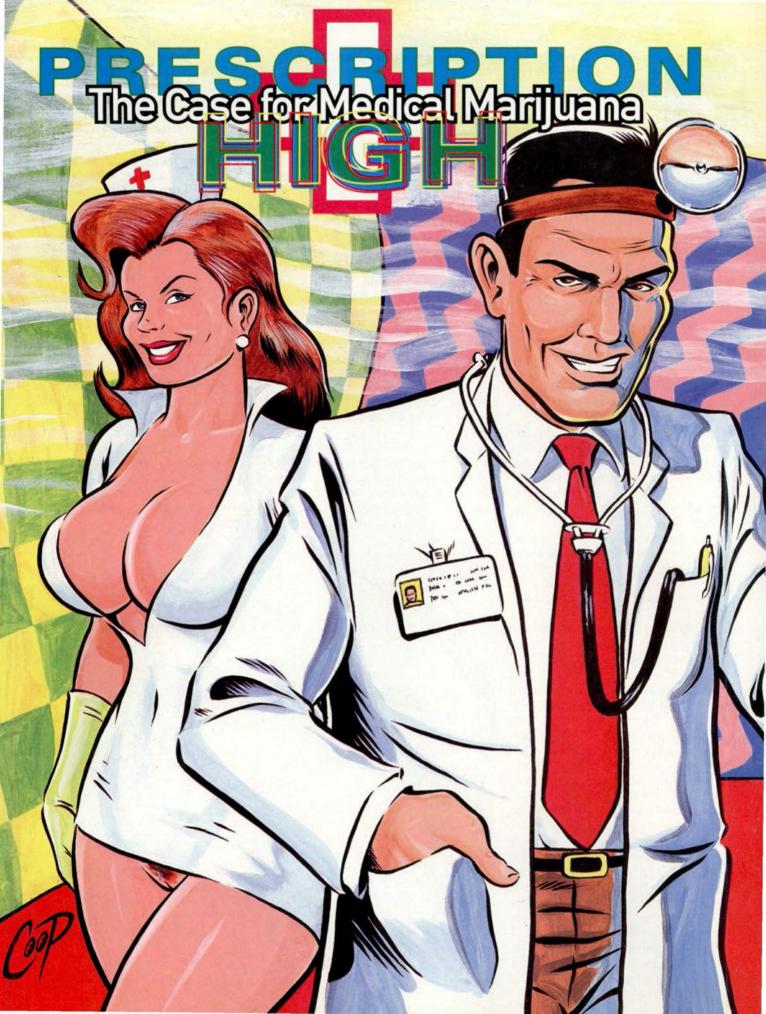
In contrast to good, clean funster Preston, Clarence McSkeever, corporate counsel to a Fortune 500 conglomerate, craves filth; and he follows his guivering nostrils to find it.

"My portal of choice," Clarence rhapsodizes, "is the hole whose owner doesn't have time to wash, but simply splashes on layers of loud perfume to cover the reek of her hygienic neglect. The 'whore's shower,' as they call it, often conceals nether fissures that crack open like a rotted cheese, yielding an odor that penetrates like distilled ammonia to the core of my sexuality. Such a nosegay is the epitome of bliss."

Man, dog, rat: The route to a male's hard affection is often through his nose.



"Remember, Billy: If you bite a faggot, wear a condom."





"Don't pet him—he's been a bad dog today."

Medical Marijuana

In a survey of 2,430 cancer specialists, 48% of the respondents said they would prescribe leoal marijuana to patients suffering from nausea and discomfort brought about by chemotherapy.

tional Director of NORML Allen St. Pierre, "[anti-pot] laws were extremely harsh everywhere in America, particularly in the South and southwestern states, where individuals were serving decades-long sentences for possession of just a few grams of marijuana."

In a 1977 speech to Congress, President Jimmy Carter recommended that the punishment for the possession of a drug should not be more harmful than the use of the drug for the individual. With that in mind, Carter proposed federal decriminalization of the private-use possession of marijuana.

Carter's suggested tolerance of pot use was overruled by dramatic anti-drug legislation following the inauguration of his successor, Ronald Reagan, whose "Just Say No" policy dashed hopes of reviving interest in the medical benefits of Cannabis sativa.

"There's no question that we're still feeling the effects of the anti-drug onslaught from the Reagan/Bush administrations, and we will for some time to come," predicts St. Pierre.

Despite enormous pressure from the DEA, Oregon, Minnesota, California,

Colorado, Nebraska, Mississippi, North Carolina, New York, Ohio and Maine still have pot-decriminalization laws on the books. The recent vote by residents of Alaska to recriminalize marijuana, after years of decriminalization, is currently being challenged in the state supreme court.

Whether or not the majority of Americans wish to have marijuana legalized on a national level depends on who is queried about the matter. NORML believes that most Americans favor decriminalization. Those who favor legalization-including Nobel Prizewinning economist Milton Friedmansay marijuana prohibition creates more problems than it solves, including police and government corruption and an incredible cost to the taxpayers for confiscation and prosecution.

"There is no interest in legalizing marijuana in [America]," states DEA spokesman William Ruzzamenti, who reports that the number of regular pot smokers in the United States declined from 20 million to 9 million over the past 25 years-a statistic NORML and

High Times magazine dispute.

HOMELESS CENTER

"Will you chew this into mush for me? I ain't got no teeth."

"There is no question that marijuana use is up [from] ten years ago," claims High Times Editor Steven Hager. "The marijuana leaf can be seen on thousands of T-shirts these days."

NORML estimates that 35 to 40 million Americans smoke dope at least monthly, and 10 to 15 million smoke it more often.

"In 1992," states NORML's St. Pierre, "the American government estimated that 11 million people were using marijuana, yet the amount they interdicted and confiscated indicated a far greater demand."

"Marijuana is coming out of the closet," says Norman Kent, state director of the Florida chapter of NORML. "It's part of an American tradition that the media aren't paying attention to."

NORML, which has been lobbying on behalf of marijuana for more than 20 years, has been joined in recent years by several pro-pot activist groups. One of the most prominent is the Cannabis Action Network (CAN), an informal coalition that advocates the decriminalization of marijuana via information tables set up at rock concerts and college campuses.

"CAN's purpose is to eliminate the taboo that surrounds the plant," explains Monica Pratt, one of the founders of the group. "We want people to come away encouraged to look into the facts about marijuana for themselves."

For CAN, as well as most marijuanaadvocacy groups, the foremost priority is getting legal marijuana to persons with AIDS, glaucoma, multiple sclerosis, asthma and a host of other disorders that have been proven, through scientific study or anecdotal evidence, to respond well to cannabis therapy.

Activists lobbying the U.S. government for medical access to marijuana came closest to achieving their objective when ACT founder Randall, whose vision was deteriorating at an alarming rate because of glaucoma, challenged the system.

Randall had undergone a variety of medical treatments with little success. After experiments with marijuana led to a noticeable improvement in his vision, Randall began smoking pot regularly and was eventually arrested for possession. When clinical tests indicated that pot was more effective and safer for him than drug therapy or surgery, Randall petitioned the DEA for access to marijuana on medical grounds in May 1976. In November of that year, his request was granted, and the drug charges against him were dropped.

Randall received legal marijuana (continued on page 68)



Medical Marijuana

Each of six studies funded by the Food and Drug Administration has concluded that marijuana is a safe, natural and effective treatment for a wide range of disorders.

In September 1993, Mildred Kaitz was sentenced to six months' probation for the crime of growing marijuana at her home in Monticello, New York, a resort village deep in the Catskills. Kaitz, a 79-year-old grandmother, testified that she cultivated the illicit plant for use in easing the debilitating illness of her 49-year-old son, Barton, whose body was racked by multiple sclerosis.

According to Kaitz, only marijuana reversed her son's flagging appetite.

"No matter what I put in front of him, [Barton] said, 'No, Ma, I can't [eat it]," explains Kaitz, who says she herself has never smoked the herb. "Barton has trouble swallowing and chewing. Smoking marijuana relaxes his muscles [enough that he is able to eat]."

Dismayed by the high street-price of pot, Kaitz decided to grow the plant at home, in order to regularly administer it to her ailing son. A boy Kaitz had hired to mow her lawn reported the suspect garden to police, and Kaitz was arrested on drug charges.

Law-enforcement officials asked Kaitz, "What if your son needed an operation? Would you rob a bank?" The elderly lady replied, "If it would cure [Barton's] sickness, I would absolutely go to jail for life."

Seventy-year-old Mary Rathbun, a grandmother in San Francisco, California, regularly bakes marijuana-laced brownies for AIDS sufferers whose appetites are suppressed by their illness.

Known to the local residents as "Brownie Mary," Rathbun has been arrested three times over the past decade for preparing her illicit confection. Rathbun maintains that her dispensing of the illegal substance is a strictly humanitarian venture.

"No matter what happens, I'll continue to provide my kids with [pot] brownies," vows Rathbun, who proudly wears a gold pendant in the shape of a marijuana leaf around her neck.

Former political speechwriter Robert Randall, founder of the Washington-based Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics (ACT), smokes marijuana to ward off blinding glaucoma. ACT and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) regularly lobby the government for medical access to marijuana, but for now it remains ille-

gal. The Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) classifies marijuana as a Schedule I substance—alongside chemicals such as PCP and LSD—meaning it has no medicinal value or application and must not be used even for experimental purposes.

"Acceptance of the medicinal properties of marijuana is widespread," says ACT representative Alice O'Leary. Yet, according to the federal government, marijuana has no medical benefit. Declares O'Leary, "We've won the war—we just can't seem to win the battle."

An Asian herb of the mulberry family, marijuana was for many years one of the most important industrial crops grown in the United States. Colonial farmers used the tough bast fibers of the plant—then commonly known as *hemp*—to make clothes, rope, sails and paper. The plant was also used medicinally.

Hemp became such an important staple of the U.S. economy that, in 1762, the state of Virginia passed a law that literally forced farmers to grow it. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson harvested the herb alongside wheat and comon their plantations.

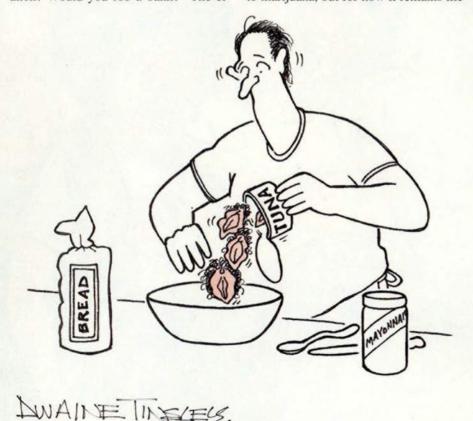
The list of the plant's potential medical applications grew almost yearly. Toward the latter half of the 19th century, extracts of hemp were sold for medicinal purposes without prescription by reputable pharmaceutical companies such as Parke Davis, Squibb, Lilly and Burroughs Wellcome.

In 1930, Harry Jacob Anslinger was named commissioner of the newly created Federal Bureau of Narcotics (FBN). Anslinger was ambitious and eager for a high-profile crusade. Despite the fact that marijuana was not a narcotic and therefore, technically, did not fall under the FBN's jurisdiction, Anslinger chose to make the prohibition of the herb his number-one concern.

Throughout the 1930s, Anslinger vigorously campaigned to outlaw the cultivation and possession of marijuana, demonizing the psychotropic effects of the herb with outlandish, invented tales of pot-induced madness. By 1937, 46 states and the District of Columbia had complied. That same year, Congress—at Anslinger's urging—enacted the Marijuana Tax Act, despite the protest of the American Medical Association (AMA), which noted numerous beneficial products containing marijuana then on the market.

Partly through heavy-handed and inaccurate propaganda, Anslinger convinced the AMA not only to endorse his anti-hemp stand, but to ban research into the herb's potential medical benefits.

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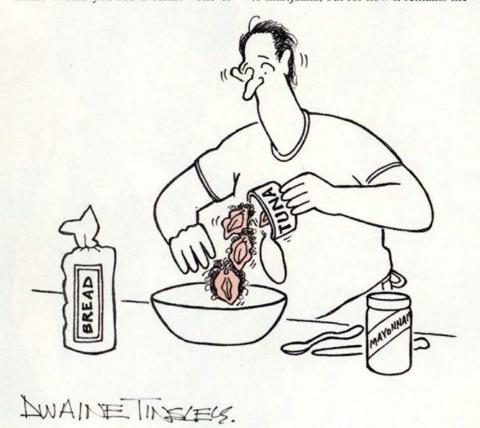
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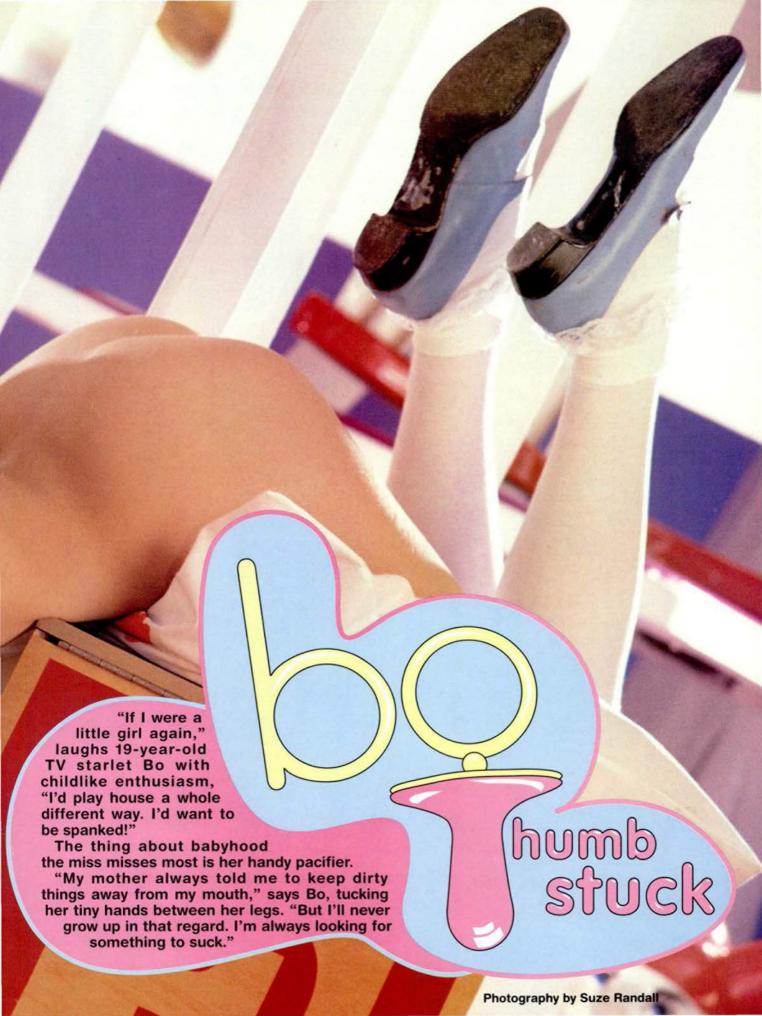
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"Normally, I practice 'catch and release.' But you know, big fella lately, the wife hasn't been very affectionate."

















To qualify as having accepted medical use, a substance must have widespread availability in the medical community—which is impossible for a substance subject to legal prohibition.

from the U.S. government for the next two years. When his supply was discontinued because he refused to stop publicly advocating marijuana as a medical treatment, Randall returned to court, demanding that his access to medical marijuana be reinstated. The government agreed to settle out of court. With that decision, the Compassionate Investigative New Drug (CIND) program was created.

Jointly administered by the Department of Health and Human Services, the National Institute of Drug Abuse and the Public Health Service (PHS), the CIND program offered hope to millions of ailing Americans for whom only marijuana could bring relief. Between January 1980 and June 1991, approximately 16 people were approved to receive marijuana cigarettes for medicinal purposes from the U. S. government, according to Rayford Kytel, PHS deputy news director.

"There were five medical conditions associated with these requests," says Kytel. "They included nausea associated with cancer chemotherapy, glaucoma, chronic pain due to a variety of conditions, muscle spasms due to multiple sclerosis and other conditions and HIV wasting syndrome."

Upon approval of their applications, CIND-program participants received approximately 300 neatly rolled joints containing pot grown on a government farm at the University of Mississippi, along with a printed instruction to "use as directed."

In June 1991, under the auspices of the Bush administration, the CIND program was put under government review, and no new patients were added to the list of recipients. In March 1992, the program was discontinued.

"The official reason for closing the CIND program was that there are alternative therapies as good, if not better, than smoking marijuana available for all medical conditions associated with requests for marijuana cigarettes," Kytel explains.

"The government found itself in an untenable position," believes ACT's O'Leary. "The DEA had been battling in court for 20 years, arguing that marijuana

offered no medical value. For them to admit at the same time that hundreds of applications were being approved by the FDA for the medical use of marijuana [undermined their credibility]."

According to the PHS's Kytel, eight CIND participants currently remain in the program. Robert Randall is one of the most public, but others have come forward to tell their stories and argue for the program's reopening.

Forty-one-year-old stockbroker Irvin Rosenfeld from Boca Raton, Florida, smokes government-provided marijuana several times a day to ease the pain of hundreds of bone tumors throughout his body. Neither surgery nor conventional medication provided the relief that smoking marijuana brings him, at least temporarily. Says Rosenfeld, "Marijuana is not a cure-all. It's for someone who has nowhere else to go."

In 1991, Kenny Jenks of Panama City, Florida, who has hemophilia, became the first patient with AIDS to receive government-grown marijuana. A recipient of a tainted blood transfusion, the once-active Jenks found himself wasting away, unable to eat because of the nausea that resulted from his AZT therapy.

Physicians at the Bay Medical Center in Florida recommended half a dozen medications for Jenks's nausea, all ineffective. At an AIDS support group in Bay County, Jenks heard a patient say that marijuana had cured his nausea. Jenks immediately bought some dope and tried it.

"It took only two or three puffs before my belly untwisted," Jenks told the Miami Herald shortly before his death in July 1993. "Forty minutes later, I raided the kitchen, gobbling down food."

Jenks was arrested for the possession of marijuana, but was absolved when the Florida Supreme Court ruled that Jenks's use of marijuana was not a criminal act, but one of medical necessity.

Each of six studies funded by the Food and Drug Administration has concluded that marijuana is a safe, natural and effective treatment for a wide range of disorders.

Even Francis Young, the administrative judge of the DEA, declared in 1988: "Marijuana, in its natural form, is one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man." However, the DEA rejected Young's ruling in 1989.

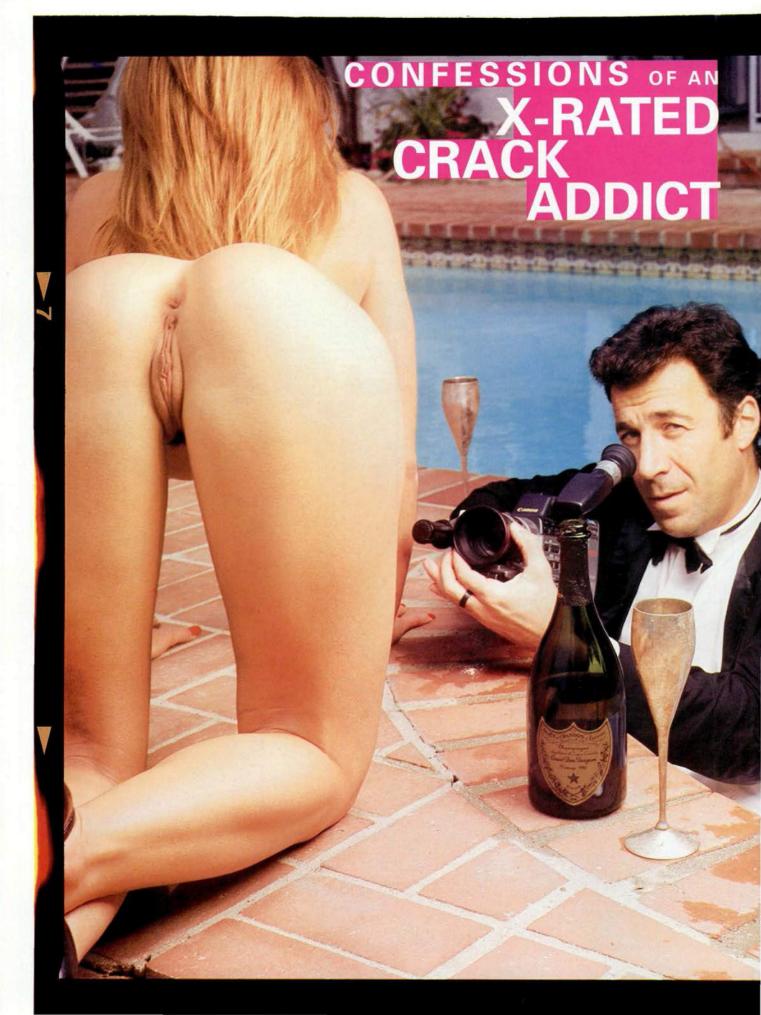
In a 1990 survey of 2,430 cancer specialists from the American Society for Clinical Oncology, 48% of the respondents said that they would prescribe legal marijuana to patients suffering

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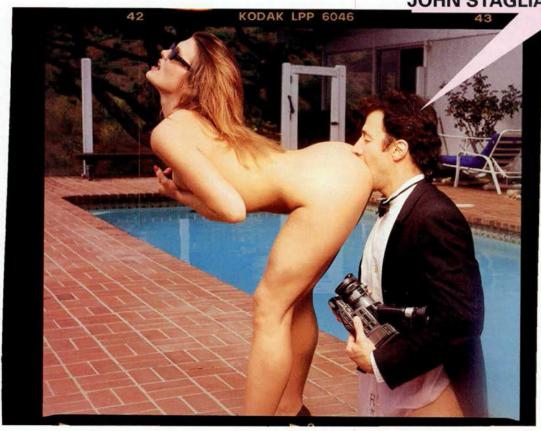


"312 pounds. Get the fuck off me!"





TALK OF TUSH AND TECHNIQUE WITH BUTTMAN CREATOR JOHN STAGLIANO



REPORT BY SELWYN HARRIS

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This is the life. This is the fucking life.

Stately Butt Manor: The swank Malibu digs of John Stagliano, creator of the hugely popular X-rated video series Buttman, renaissance masturbator and possessor of the most mispronounced surname in porn (for the permanent

record, read aloud: STAH-lee-ahno).

He is a man of eminent taste. The exquisitely fuckable female ass-meat Stagliano scouts on film attests to his discrimination, as does his spacious, dazzlingly equipped home: ocean view, organ-shaped pool, NASA-worthy entertainment systems, priceless art, piles of porn, and XXX-nubile Christy Lynn flitting about quite naked. It's cool stuff in a classy environment.

He's Buttman. He's earned it.

Since the establishment of his Evil Angel video line in 1989, John Stagliano's impact on adult entertainment has been visceral, his mark unmistakable. The Buttman adventures have spanned the globe (Buttman's European Vacation, Buttman Goes to Rio). sprouted an all-girl companion series (Buttwoman, with sharp, sexy Tianna in the tail-chasing title role) and spawned numerous

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEAN KARR

Stagliano

"I was a Catholic altar boy; so all the obvious guilt associations with natural sex desires were instilled early. But I think that conflict—shame versus biology—makes for great art."

knockoffs and wannabes (Bruce Seven's Bus Stop movies, Dick and Jane, Seymore Butts). The basic Buttman concept sends Stagliano, camera in hand, to score with the most scrumptious-butted women he and a few friends can cajole into joining them. It's a simple idea, strikingly executed and stunningly successful. Stagliano's non-Buttman films (Face Dance, Bare Essence, Ponderosa) are elaborate explorations of the sexual underworld. As with Steven Spielberg, Stagliano's name above a title guarantees an audience, and as with the best mainstream directors, the Stagliano imprimatur also guarantees a degree of excellence. The Stagliano stamp promises that the viewer can whack himself silly to the product. Let's hear any Oscar winner boast that!

"I was always a porn freak. I love porn. I went to jail for porn."

Stagliano sits barefoot in his living room, organic rice in one hand, hyperactive phone receiver in the other. A baseball mitt rests on a nearby table; an exercise bar runs the length behind John. Stagliano's ripe-butt divining rod rests

temporarily within the comfort of silk pajama pants. Stagliano's reference to being incarcerated bears no connection to his own work, but rather to a film that played at Chicago's adults-only Copenhagen theater in 1977. He doesn't remember the movie's title, but it was an experience he'll never forget.

"I was arrested for jerking off," Stagliano recalls bemusedly. "They put the cuffs on and everything."

Young John pulled a Pee-wee at the Copenhagen, his loin-pumping landing him briefly in the lock-up. "They brought me up on cruising charges," remembers Stagliano. "You know, trying to pick up guys. But I had my coat over my lap the whole time. Whatever the movie was, it was great. I watched the guy and the girl really going at it, and I got into it myself." The charge was reduced to disorderly conduct, but the affair remains a crucial piece in the makeup of Stagliano's onanistic integrity.

"I was a Catholic altar boy," he confesses; "so all the obvious guilt associations with natural sex desires were instilled early." Later trauma complicated the matter. "I broke up with a girl

Em Billette

"I see you visiting a doctor and punching out your girlfriend."

in 1969 and just decided I shouldn't masturbate anymore. I held out for six months. It was very difficult. But I think that conflict—shame versus biology—makes for great art."

Not to mention a great pastime.

HUSTLER: You're specifically a director of videos. Do you wish you could have made theatrical features?

STAGLIANO: I frequented porn theaters between the ages of 17 and 19. I loved them, because that was all we had, but I was never comfortable jerking off in the theaters. After all, you *could* be arrested.

HUSTLER: So you think sex on screen is better served by video?

STAGLIANO: I went back to a theater sometime around 1985 or '86. Seeing sex on the big screen again was really something. But video allows for a lot of different variations on the form. You have tapes just for quick pops; other tapes you watch with a girl you're dating.

HUSTLER: What do you pop to?

STAGLIANO: Recently, I've been into *Private Video Magazine* from Europe. It's quick and nasty, lots of anal sex. I don't use my own movies to jerk off, but when I see one turn up in a multi-channel video booth, I know I'd stop and watch it if it weren't mine.

"What I love is the tease," Stagliano says of his filmic finesse. "And butts. There wasn't enough tease in porn, and there certainly wasn't enough focus on butts. I had the idea for a tape on my butt fetish when somebody suggested making a movie with the camera as the lead entity. That's where *Buttman* came from. I've been making movies for 11 years, starting with *Bouncing Buns* in 1983, and I've always gone for believability.

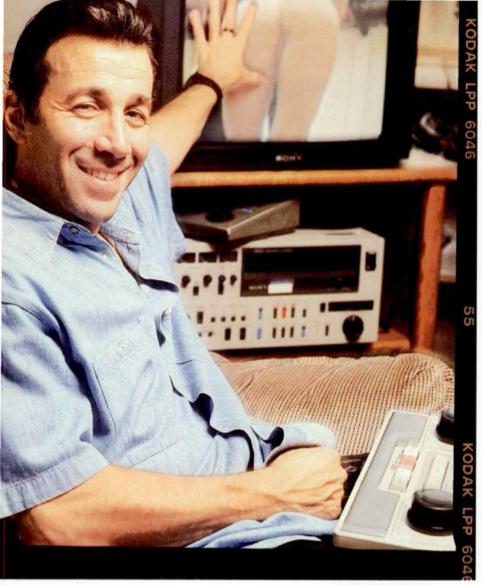
"I love to look at a dick going into a pussy, but what really works for me is what leads up to that. I want to see the girl in a tight sweater or in a really tight skirt, and I want to follow her around and get to know her a bit before she takes her clothes off. The dick going into the pussy is great, but if you can remove ten seconds of penetration and put in ten seconds of tease, that always makes me happier."

It's made him rich too.

The camera pans past the illicit glow of an all-night adult-book store, opening 1989's The Adventures of Buttman. With careful, slow-moving fascination, the glass eye studies tarted-up Tianna, settling on her gravity-bamboozling butt cheeks. Tianna turns toward the darkness of the building's back passageways. Craven customer Jamie Gillis follows



"Oooooh, shit! You should have called me sooner."



swiftly behind her. Gillis is set upon by a berserk, bottle-wielding biker-type.

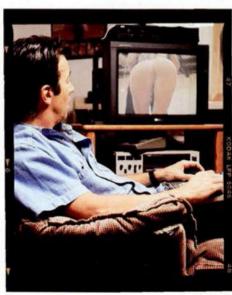
Frenzied pursuit follows. Gillis and Tianna elude their attacker. Money quickly changes hands. Gillis's nose quickly changes places with Tianna's miniskirt. He inhales her ass-crack like fleshy oxygen; she wiggles in delight, happy to pump life into him through her pooper. The camera pours over every flawless curve of Tianna's panty-cakes. She squats on Gillis's hyperactive oral cavity while he handles his rod. A dildo appears. "That's going in your ass," Gillis announces, tongue-lubing Tianna's tail. She fingers her anal sphincter, then accepts every inch of the fake flank. Gillis pops his pecker into Tianna's front end. They fuck until Gillis pulls out and spills spew all over Tianna's spongy rump.

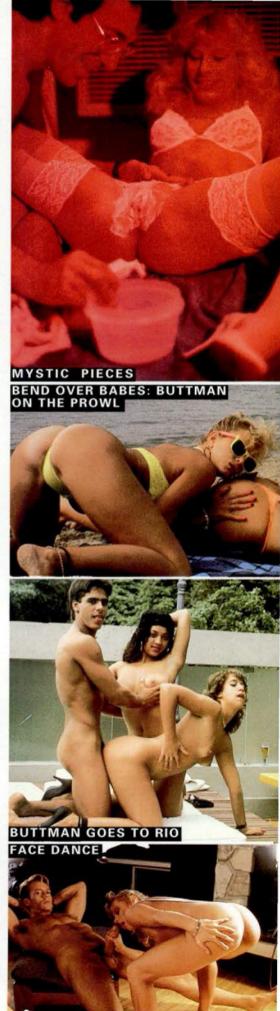
The belligerent street freak suddenly reappears. Surprisingly, Gillis and Tianna express relief at his presence rather than terror. Cameraman John Stagliano enters the proceedings, revealing Gillis and Tianna to be a couple of

kinksters who have staged and taped the scenario for their own prurient pleasure.

HUSTLER: What's the hottest scene that you've directed?

STAGLIANO: In Face Dance 2, probably the best scene I ever shot in terms of



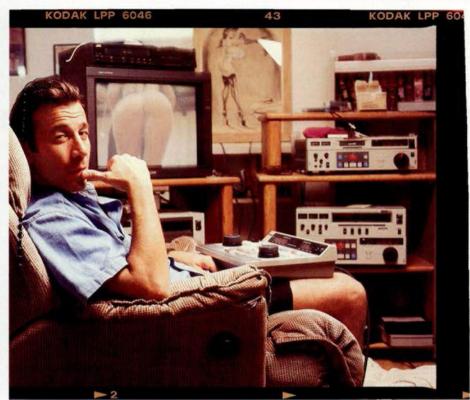












energy was the office scene, the anal three-way with Rocco Siffreddi, Kiss and Rebecca Bardoux. It was the very last thing we shot after a week of nonstop work, and it was just this explosion of sex. I was breaking up with this girl, and I hadn't had an orgasm in seven days.

HUSTLER: Breaking up seems habitual on your part.

STAGLIANO: I guess. But I was in a limo with Kiss, and she was rubbing her tits and asking about my girlfriend and really coming on to me, making me crazy. We shot the office scene after that, and it was great.

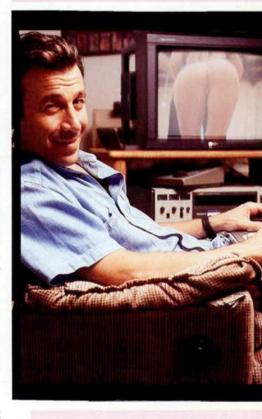
HUSTLER: How often do you have sex with the girls you work with?

STAGLIANO: I don't have the same virility I once did, especially on-camera. I think that's because I work harder at other aspects of my life. I dance hard, I play tennis, I enjoy being a businessman. I'm also 42 years old. Last week, Patrick Collins [Stagliano's partner] and I did a double penetration with a girl while her husband was there, but that was the exception to the rule. I rarely flirt anymore with a girl who's a stranger.

HUSTLER: Who would you flirt with? STAGLIANO: Anna Nicole Smith. I love a big girl. Anna Nicole Smith: Sit on my face.

Rocco Siffreddi, Stagliano's most celebrated male collaborator, is a dickdipping De Niro to the director's scumscreen Scorsese. Like those of his bigbudget counterpart, Stagliano's films are characterized by an honest grittiness—a quality enhanced by the presence of balls-out Siffreddi.

"Rocco is the Michael Jordan of porn,"



Stagliano

"The dick going into the pussy is great, but if you can remove ten seconds of penetration and put in ten seconds of tease, that always makes me happier."

estimates Stagliano. "He brings an energy to a scene that no one else can. Almost all problems that occur during the filming of a sex scene are related to the guy's dick not working properly. If a guy's dick won't get hard, there's no way to make it happen. Rocco has never had any trouble. Girls *love* Rocco, especially American girls."

Stagliano recounts one example of Siffreddi's superiority: "It was in *Butt-man Goes to Rio 4*. Rocco picked up a girl in a nightclub. She had a face like an angel's, but once we got her upstairs, her pussy didn't look so great, and it kind of smelled. Rocco never broke. He never slowed down. I never had to pause the camera, which is ideally how I like to shoot. One of the main reasons there's so much bad porn out there is because the director and the editor end up patching all this footage together to make the scene better than it really was. I want my films believable above all else."

Leave it to John Stagliano to fly halfway around the world to spend time in toilet stalls. The stellar tail-steak that consorts with him and collaborative cock-brandisher Rocco Siffreddi in said lavatories sets new standards in transcontinental ass adoration.

Buttman's European Vacation sees Siffreddi sequestering dimple-butted Danish dish Silver in his hotel loo, her large, milky-fine meat-balloons swinging most appetizingly. Siffreddi snacks on the fun-sacks as Silver's wondrous bummuffins shimmy in wait. The deviant Dane turns the tail on a stunned Siffreddi by maneuvering into standard dick-suck position, then applying her wet mouth to the place Rocco's expecting it least. The anal tongue-bath launches Siffreddi; he frantically fucks the shining Silver on the sink, toilet and bathroom floor, filling at least one of her openings for each of the surfaces they schup on.

HUSTLER: Does your personal life ever spill over into your movies?

STAGLIANO: Yes. Mystic Pieces, which I shot six months before the first Buttman, starred Brandy Alexander. I was in a relationship with her for a year-and-a-half. Obviously, I liked Brandy, but fucking her was never all that satisfying. There was a missing emotional

SUIGIDE MELPLINE

"Thanks for calling. How can I help you, you no-good, miserable son of a bitch?"

connection between us, and I think that really came across in the movie.

HUSTLER: Do you have any plans to take your work mainstream?

STAGLIANO: Well, I'm trying. I'm writing an autobiographical script for a nonsex film that will actually be very sexy. It's about my experience in the early '80s as a dancer.

HUSTLER: Didn't you work at Chippendale's?

STAGLIANO: I danced in Chippendale's first show ever in 1979, here in Los Angeles. Before that, I took dance classes at UCLA. There were always lots of girls in dance classes. That's not why I dance now, but in 1976 I was in this Beginning Jazz class with six girls, and I'd fucked them all.

HUSTLER: Was it a turn-on to strip for women?

STAGLIANO: Oh, I'd get hard-ons onstage, but dancing was the most fulfilling thing, artistically, that I'd done up until that point. I wanted to dance in Vegas, but I was too short. The last segment of the dance movie deals with a contest I won for a cable-TV network. They had a couples dance competition called "Shake It Sexy," and I was able to combine my stripping background with my regular dance background, and do a really sexy, interesting piece with a girl in a white dress and myself in a Dracula suit. In my dancing days, I had a female hooker who was paying me for sex, and a woman who was mostly gay and heavily into S/M really pursuing me.

HUSTLER: Did you always want to

STAGLIANO: No. I studied economics at first. Originally, I wanted to be a baseball player. I grew up in Chicago, and I'm a lifetime Cubs fan. That masochism of loving the Cubs, I think, has played an important part in making up who I am.

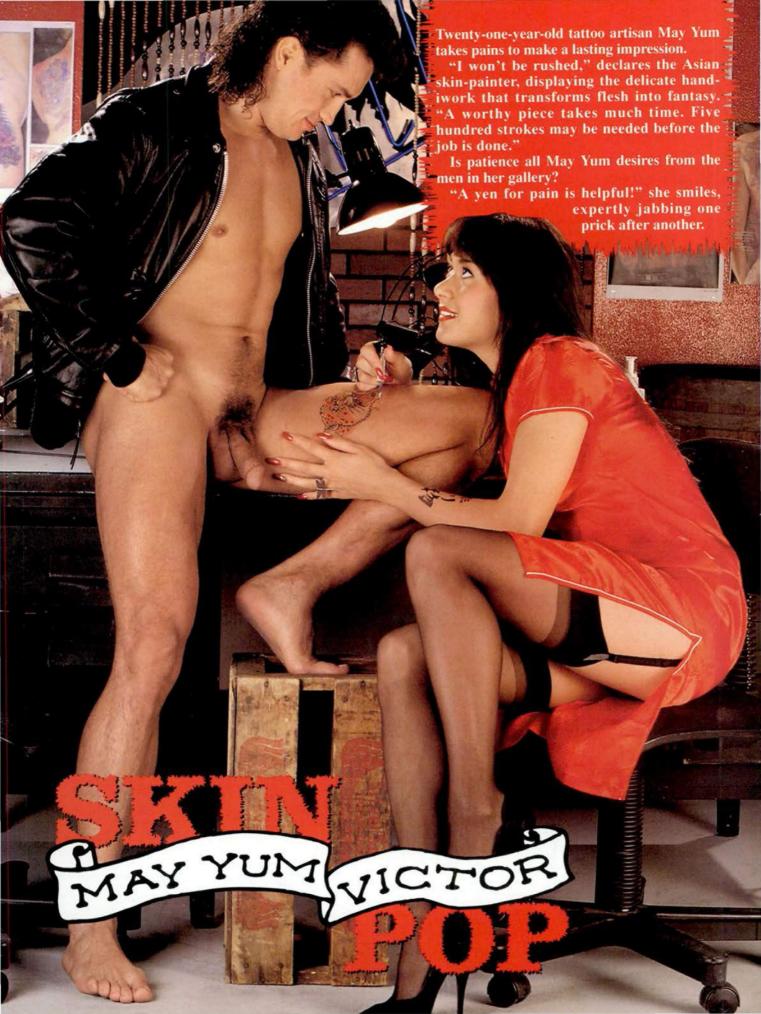
Face Dance provides a best-case scenario of bringing work home. Stagliano opens his house to old pal Rocco Siffreddi, fellow fuck-vet Tom Byron and the all-access orifices of strumpets Sierra and Chrissy Ann.

Sierra poses prone on Buttman's sofa as Byron and Siffreddi approach her openings, meat in hand and a reworking of the term love seat in mind. On a nearby coffee table, cutie-cunt Chrissy Ann enticingly flexes her glands. Few sluts slurp dick like fleet-lipped Sierra; director Stagliano flawlessly depicts her frenzied gonad-gobbling. Sierra's energy is contagious. Byron and Siffreddi stick their stuff into every hole she has to offer. When Chrissy Ann calls out for a

(continued on page 86)





















(continued from page 76)

Stagliano

"Make sure you put this in the magazine: I don't like fake tits. Visually, they're less appealing than any natural form, and playing with tits that have been done is just no fun."

ramming, Byron bears down and packs her pulsating poop hoop to her squealing satisfaction. A lust-encrusted rail-totail marathon follows: Sierra yelps as she takes in Siffreddi's tool, and Chrissy Ann quakes with her ass jammed full of Byron's beef baton. The fucking is frantic and fabulous, marked by the performers' dynamism and, especially, Stagliano's directorial panache. John redefines all prior notions of what it is to see a dick go up an ass.

To the Butt Station!

The editing bay where Stagliano stitches his carnal creations together consists of a plush reclining chair set up before a relatively modest-looking array of video equipment. Currently, he's constructing *Buttman's Inferno*, its title taken from the California fires of 1993 that came, literally, within inches of engulfing Butt Manor.

"I shot the opening fire footage of *Buttman's Inferno* from right out my back door," Stagliano says. "The fire was scary, but right now what scares me about *Inferno* is that I'm 42 minutes into it, and there still isn't any fucking.

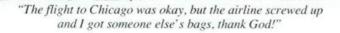
That's a lot of tease. That's too much tease: I'll have to edit it down."

Stagliano sets no limits, initially, on the nature of his sex scenes. "The ideal scene for me, as a director, is wrapped in mystery," he explains. "I never plan the number of scenes, I don't set any length, and I don't call for specific positions. The character flow should tweak the sexuality of the performers. My main goal is to expose the girl totally."

Venturing into speak-for-yourself territory, Stagliano continues: "I think most men—I know I do—have some bisexual tendencies. I can get off on a girl-girl scene, but I prefer boy-girl. I always focus on the female body, but the erect penis is important, because it signifies arousal."

girl-girl scene, but I prefer boy-girl. I always focus on the female body, but the erect penis is important, because it signifies arousal."

Stagliano's cinematic technique has garnered marginal attention from so-called legitimate moviemaking journals. "Filmmaker magazine did a piece on me and [female blue-screen director] Candida Royalle," he notes, "but, naturally, all they focused on were some sensational points and not actual filmmaking. The porn stigma is this conception that porn directors are, like, kindergarten



kids. My defensive reaction is always, What have you seen? What do you know? In fact, directing porn requires a lot of roles: psychologist, counselor, baby-sitter. Our actors and actresses are not hired for their ability to act. I won't write a scene until I know who's going to be in it. I talk with them first and try to match their personal patterns, their cadence. It's work."

HUSTLER: Are you annoyed by your imitators?

STAGLIANO: No. I don't care.

HUSTLER: What about someone like Seymore Butts, who's completely appropriated your style?

STAGLIANO: Seymore Butts was actually in *Buttman's Ultimate Work-out*. He can be an arrogant kid, but he brings his own personality to his work; so I appreciate that. One of my personal beliefs is to never be jealous of other people's success.

HUSTLER: What are some of your other beliefs?

STAGLIANO: Never take anything on faith. I'm explicitly an atheist. Belief in God, I think, leads to bad things psychologically. Don't deny the mind. Ayn Rand was a tremendous influence on me. I'm one of the founding members of the California State Libertarian Party. What it comes down to is: Never take anything on faith.

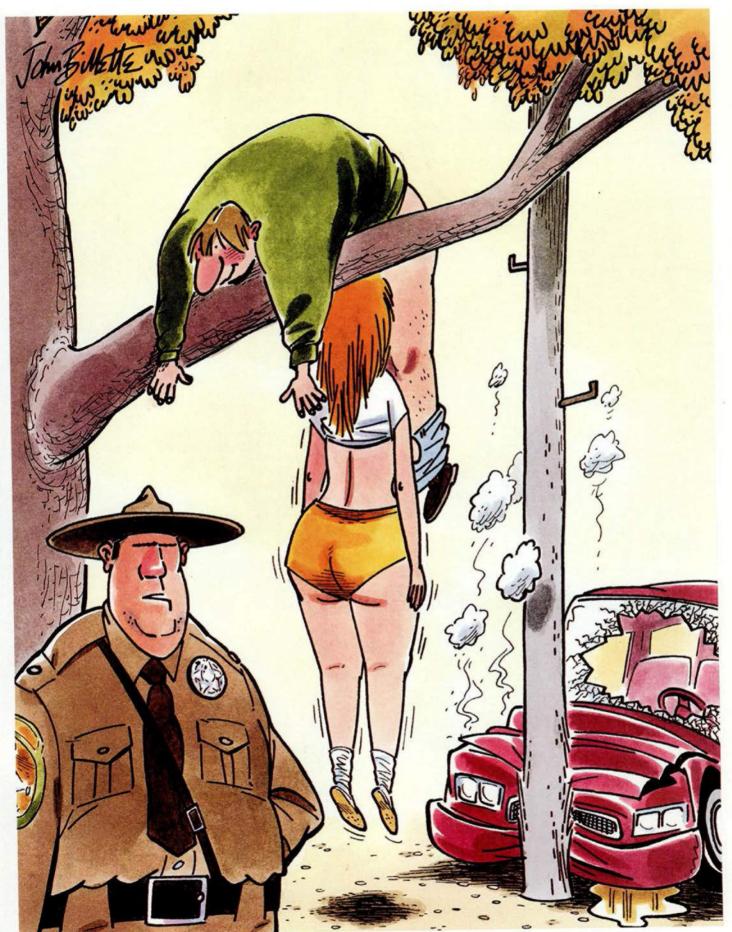
HUSTLER: Except Rocco Siffreddi. (Stagliano laughs.)

HUSTLER: How do you assess your peers?

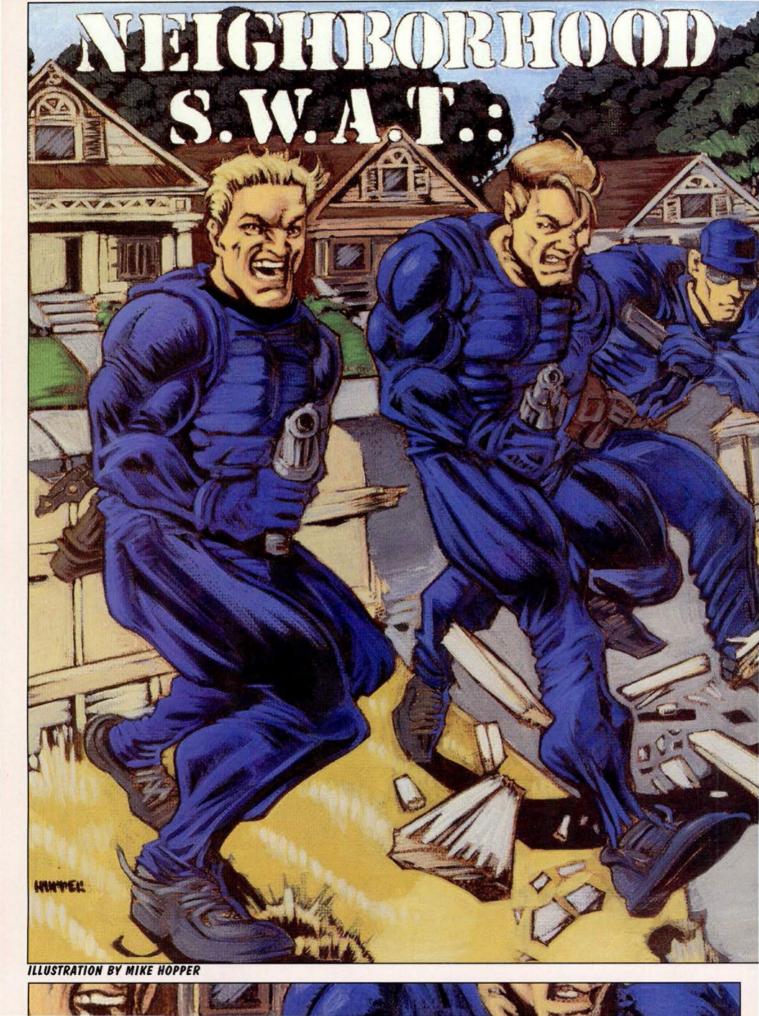
STAGLIANO: John Leslie is a great director. His next movie, Dogwalker, is one of the best porn films ever made. I'm actually envious of Patrick Collins's ability to get all that great psychological insight he does in the Sodomania movies. Andrew Blake's films are very pretty, and no one's ever been able to get a quality like that, but his scripts are weak, and the sound is bad; he's like a dancer with fabulous technique, but no soul. Bruce Seven is great. Greg Dark has interesting energy. His values are different from mine; he goes for the shock and the way-out, whereas I tend to be real. He likes it filthy, and he always pulls it off.

Tough girl Tiffany Million wantonly flits about a warehouse where scores of horny men are stored in Stagliano's Face Dance 2. Pursued through its rooms by the ubiquitous Rocco Siffreddi, Million ends up knee-deep in a pool of mysterious fluids. Doffing her top, she is unexpectedly cascaded from on high by a pair of lads wielding water cannons

(continued on page 124)



"Remember: Driving and blowjobs don't mix."





SWAT

"Cops are out there witnessing the violence, the drugs, the guns, the whole litany of the degeneration of society. They're the first ones to see it, and they're the first ones to feel it."

Imagine waking up at 6 a.m. in a cheap motel room, drawing aside the curtains and seeing hundreds of armed police—SWAT troops, in fact—outfitted in Kevlar vests and black paramilitary gear, H&K MP5s slung a ound their shoulders, sidearms peeping from their holsters.

Fortunately for the guests staying at the Orlando, Florida, Quality Inn, the elite commandos aren't storming the motel. This particular mobilization—the largest assembly of tactical law enforcers in the United States—marks the commencement of the SWAT Round-Up, a high-energy get-together where special-weapons-and-tactics teams from across the nation compete to negotiate obstacle-and-shooting courses, attend seminars conducted by international tactical experts, browse state-of-the-art ordnance and accessories and hoist a few beers in pursuit of good fellowship.

A wiry, intense man named Dick Kramer sits in the motel coffee shop, carbo-loading from the breakfast buffet. Kramer—the preeminent illustrator of SWAT-style teams in action poses—sets up camp at the Round-Up to sell T-shirts and lithographs to the men in black.

A SWAT member who posed in Collier County tactical duds for one of Kramer's rough and realistic renderings stops to pay his respects. Kramer pumps his hand, a ball of enthusiasm.

"You gotta love these guys," says Kramer. "You won't meet a greater bunch of guys in the world."

Florida's Orange County Sheriff's Range, home of the SWAT Round-Up, is located at the end of a bumpy dirt road that passes the county dump. Beyond the sanitation site—odoriferous in the Florida humidity—the flashing tower of a nuclear-power plant looms into view.

"It stinks, and it glows, and I wouldn't miss it for the world," beams Kramer, steering his minivan among hundreds of police vehicles parked in the range.

The Orange County Sheriff's Range is little more than an open concrete causeway with a metal roof, facing open fields. A shooting area extends to a 20-foot-high berm designed to absorb bullets. On the other side of the walkway stands a four-story tower constructed especially for SWAT competition.

According to Round-Up coordinator

Jeff Hopkins, himself a part-time SWAT officer for the Orlando Police Department, the SWAT Round-Up was organized to build camaraderie and pool information among special-weapons-and-tactics teams nationwide.

"We realized there was a [lack of opportunity for] SWAT agencies to talk with each other," explains Hopkins. "[Shared techniques and information] could have prevented some tragedies." To get the teams to talk, Round-Up gets them to compete.

"SWAT team people are by nature competitive," says Hopkins. "The Round-Up is a hook to get the teams together."

Also competing at the SWAT Round-Up are merchants appealing to the special market. Among the most popular offerings are Dick Kramer's T-shirts and drawings. Additional vendors find eager buyers for body armor, night-vision goggles, scopes, guns, training services, targets, weapons magazines, holsters, "riot extinguishers" (huge fire extinguishers full of pepper mace) and distraction devices (known as "thunder flashes" or "flash bangs").

Cybergenics, a company that makes muscle-growth pills for bodybuilders, has come to the right event to hawk its wares. Many SWAT guys are bodybuilders, and move like the steel doors on bank vaults.

"I see a place for bulk," says Hopkins. "I've done a lot of warrants where the guys would literally rip the door off its hinges."

Today's Round-Up exercise, called "Survival City," features an ersatz urban location built with movie-set-like false fronts. A bombed-out phone booth sits amid the bullet-frayed fronts like a high-tech scarecrow.

"First off [in Survival City], a sniper has got to run up to a platform, set up and shoot a one-inch target at 75 yards," explains Hopkins. "After that, he leaves the weapon, goes out to meet his other people, and they all have to shoot one target with their handgun. Then they run down to a four-foot-by-eight-foot box, from whose hatch they have to pop up one at a time and engage outside targets."

In another Round-Up competition, called "Officer Rescue," members of competing teams don gas masks and cross a canal on a rope. After a shooting exercise involving handguns, shotguns and submachine guns, team members rig a dummy and transport it back across the canal.

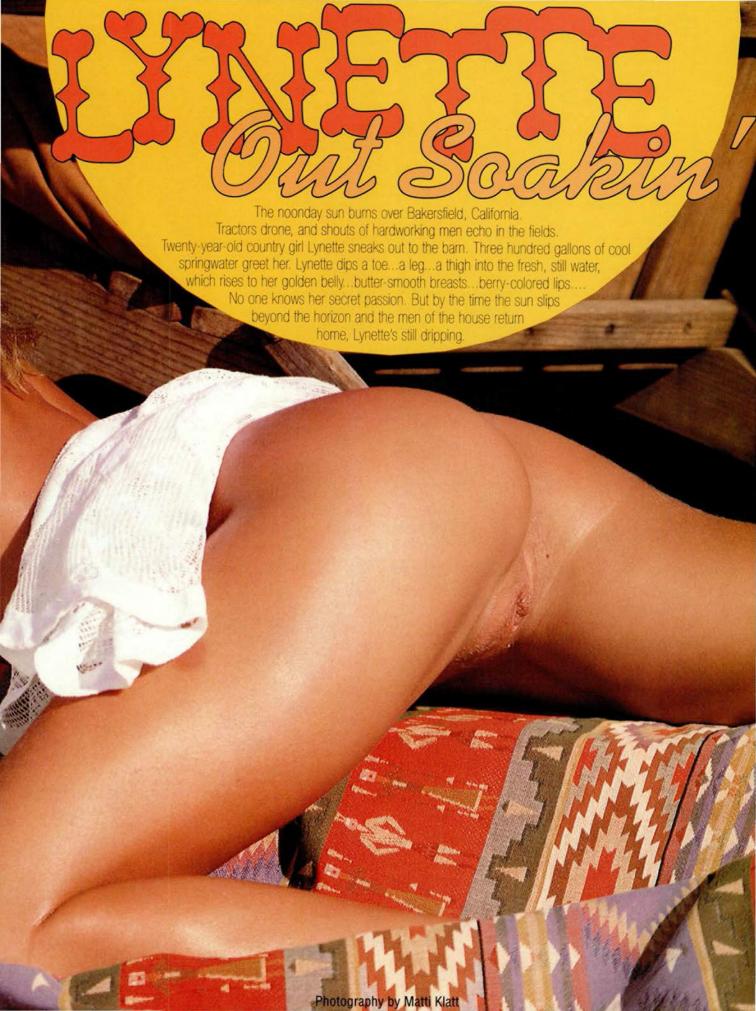
In an exercise called "Tower Scramble," two snipers scramble up a tower and shoot a four-inch target at 100 yards. The rest of the team tackles a shooting course (continued on page 100)





"Time for your heart medicine, Mr. Watkins. You know how you might have a heart attack and die if you don't take your heart medicine."























"We're seeing an explosion of training and equipment. Years ago, people would have asked,
"Why put a silencer on a submachine gun? What are you trying to do, be like James Bond?"

called "Rolling Thunder," where 30 targets must be knocked over. The shooting team then regroups, joins the snipers at the top of the tower, and all rappel down to the finish line.

The sky darkens above today's exercise. A rainstorm sweeps across the fields. Amid the gunfire, team competitors take pratfalls in the mud.

* * * * One of Dick Kramer's most popular

lithographs depicts a pair of SWAT members suiting up in their patented black outfits, fitting gas masks over their faces. The caption reads: TIME TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE.

By and large, the SWAT members at the Round-Up see themselves as specially equipped and rigorously trained good guys out to clean up a manifestly dirty society.

"Cops are the only real people left," laments Al Baker, a 21-year veteran of the Emergency Service Unit (ESU) of the New York Police Department (NYPD)—New York City's version of SWAT. "Cops are out there in the streets of the cities witnessing day after day the rapes, the child molestations, the

violence, the murders, the drugs, the guns—the whole litany of the degeneration of society. They're the first ones to see it, and they're the first ones to feel it. Cops are very sensitive to the precious things in life. A lot of people don't realize that."

"There's two schools of thought in SWAT," says the Round-Up's Hopkins. "It's L.A. [SWAT] versus New York [ESU]. The New York frame of mind is that, if someone is in a building with five hostages, and he's shooting hostages—well, eventually he's gonna run out of hostages. They're not going to enter that building. They'll talk a man to death, but they won't go in and shoot him. The

West Coast, on the other hand, considers

forced entry a very viable option."

"Isolate, contain and negotiate," states the ESU's Baker, outlining East Coast SWAT tactics. "In the early years, after the so-called success of hostage negotiation on the East Coast, and the so-called birth of SWAT on the West Coast, NYPD developed the posture of 'SWAT, We're Not.' It was almost as though we didn't want to be seen as black-faced, camo-dressed people who would take a guy out, so to speak, in a heartbeat, which was the way they were headed on the West Coast. The ESU is still not called a SWAT team."

The distinguishing modus operandi of SWAT teams—attacking domestic terrorists in urban-guerrilla manner-was created in Los Angeles in response to the 1965 Watts riots. The idea of a specialweapons-and-tactics team was born in the mind of former Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) chief Daryl Gates. Gates, at the time commander of the Metro Squad, imagined a small unit of special forces that would handle labor disputes and, as he put it, "shake, rattle and roll-that is, roust-anything strange that moved on the streets." Gates's mandate was to create military-style teams consisting of a leader, a marksman, an observer, a scout and a rear guard. By 1967, Gates had consolidated 220 SWAT-style raiders in his Metro Squad, but they were still without a signature title.

The official "Special Weapons and Tactics," or SWAT, team debuted in an operation against renegade Black Panthers barricaded in South Central Los Angeles. Moments before the Panthers surrendered, SWAT was preparing a grenade launcher to gain entry.

The original SWAT team became famous in 1974, when it was used in a shoot-out with members of the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA)—the terrorist group notorious for the kidnapping of newspaper heiress Patty Hearst. The SLA standoff ended when the private house in which the group was ensconced burned to the ground. By Gates's estimate, the SLA fired 3,772 rounds of ammunition; the SWAT force, 5,371.

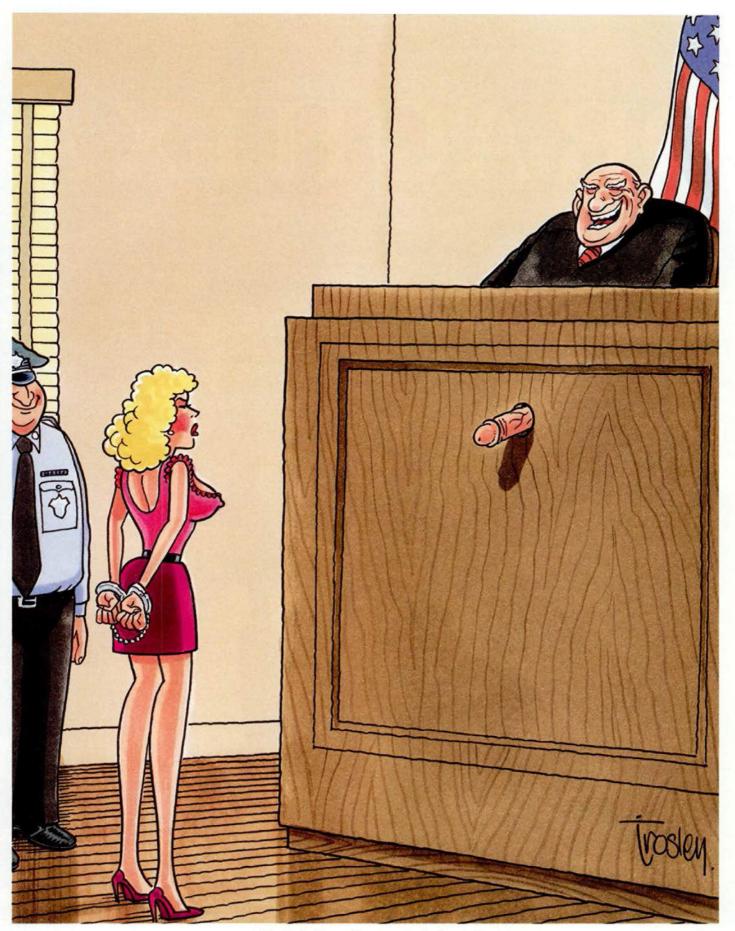
Despite these well-publicized incidents of destruction—and a 1970s TV series that pictured SWAT as a trigger-happy, confrontational bunch—SWAT forces are quick to avow that their purpose is to save lives.

"Let's say you use untrained police in a hostage situation," hypothesizes a longtime LAPD SWAT member. "Cops are accustomed to taking action individually or in two-man groups, in which case you might have indiscriminate firing. In the time I was with LAPD SWAT, we had 1,200 armed call-ups and approximately 20 deaths, including seven from the SLA shoot-out. That's a darn good percentage."

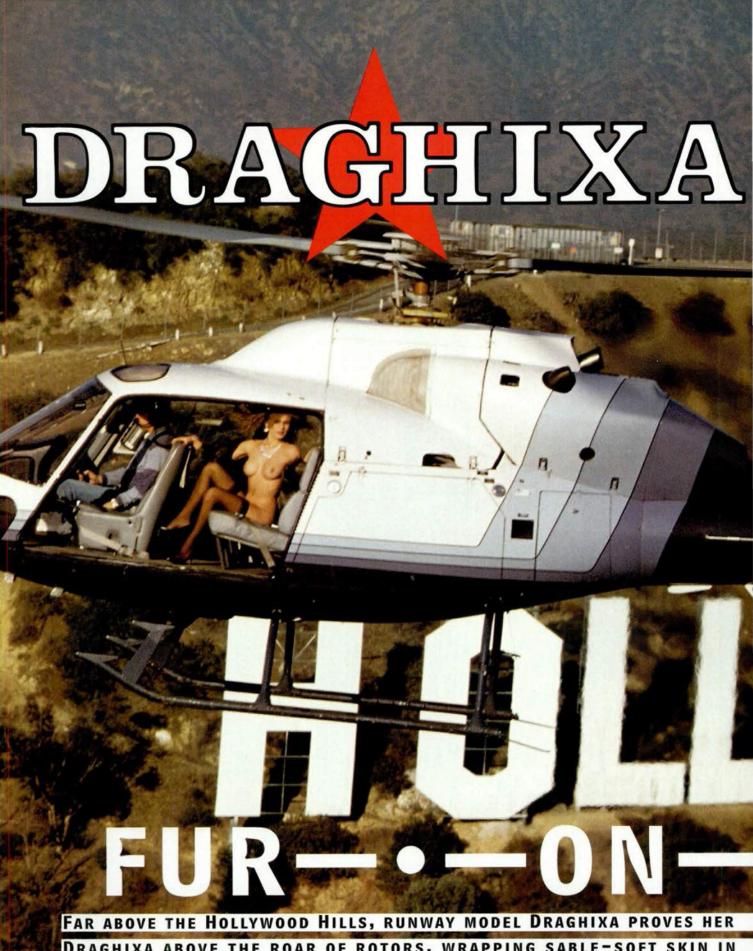
"There's no acceptable casualty ratio in SWAT," states the Round-Up's Hopkins. "The military might say, 'We have an objective, and if we have only a fivepercent casualty rate, we consider it a success.' In SWAT, there are no accept-

(continued on page 114)

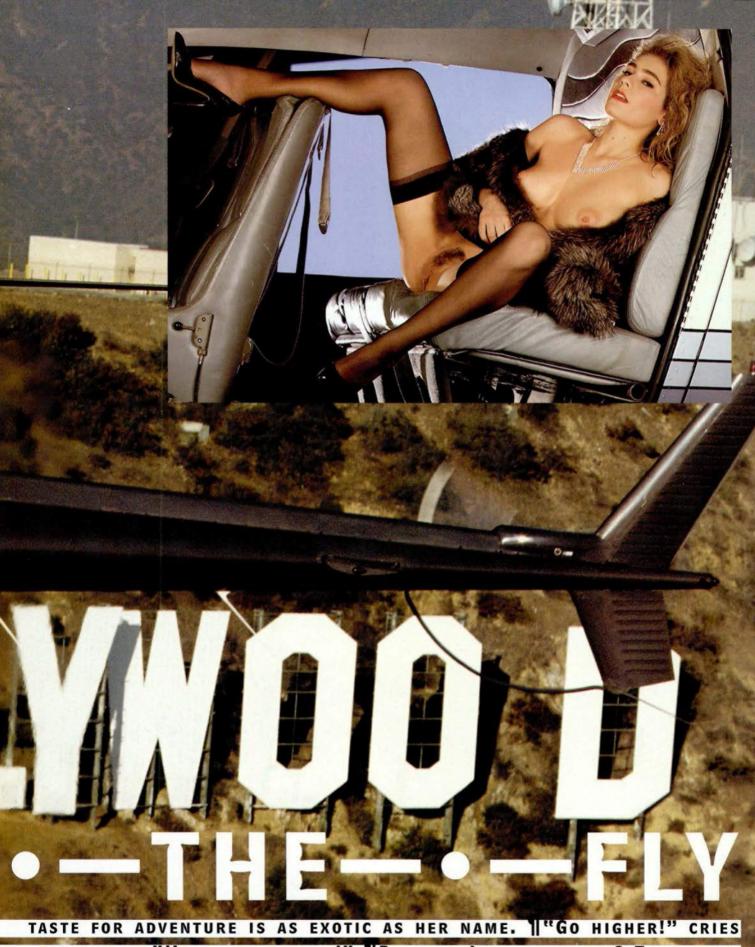




"The defendant will approach the bench."



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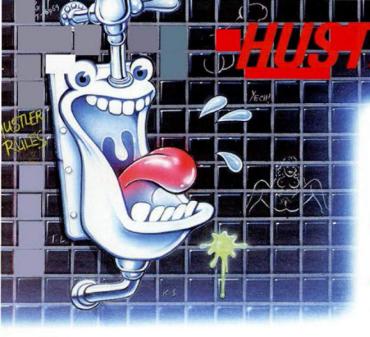




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The day of her scheduled procedure, Mary waited in the abortion clinic. Next to her, a woman sat calmly working with yarn and knitting needles.

"Excuse me," Mary asked, "but isn't it kind of sick for you to be knitting baby booties right before you have an abortion?"

"Oh, I'm not making booties," the woman answered. "It's a body bag."

Question: Why don't Jews drink?

Answer: It interferes with their suffering.

Stewart, a supermarket bag boy, carried a divorcée's bundles into the parking lot.

Eyeing her hunky helper, the horny woman purred, "I've got an itchy pussy."

"Well, you better point it out," Stewart responded. "All those Japanese cars look alike to me."

Question: How many mice does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Answer: Just two. The problem is getting them in the lightbulb.

Lying in bed with his wife, a farmer reached over and stroked her bare breasts. "You know, Maybelle," he said, "if these gave milk, we could sell the cow."

Sighing, Maybelle patted her husband's crotch. "And if this stayed hard longer," she said, "we could fire the farmhand."

A lawyer and a Catholic priest found themselves with two children in front of the last lifeboat on a rapidly sinking ship.

"There's room for only two of us," the lawyer said to the priest. "Let's you and me take it. Screw the kids!"

Perplexed, the clergyman asked, "Do you think we'll have time before the ship goes down?"

Doris asked the pharmacist: "Do you have condoms in size extra-extra-large?"

"Yes," he responded. "Do you want some?"

"No thanks," Doris said. "But would you mind if I hung around until someone comes in who does?"

Question: What do you get when you cross a black and an Indian?

Answer: A Sioux named Boy.

ed brought a hooker to his hotel room. "I want to try something really different," he said.

"Okay," she told him. "We'll do a 69."

The hooker lowered her snatch toward Ted's lips. Suddenly, she let loose a loud, stinking fart.

Ted jumped and ran for the door.

"What's the matter?" the hooker called after him.

"No way can I stand 68 more of those," he replied.

Question: What goes clip-clop, clip-clop, BANG, clip-clop, clip-clop?

Answer: An Amish drive-by shooting.

homas washed up on the shore of a deserted island. All alone he sat as the weeks dragged by, until finally a sheep came wandering along the beach.

Unnaturally horny, Thomas grabbed the animal. Just as he got the sheep still, however, a dog ran out from the woods. The hound bit Tom's legs and clawed at him until he let the sheep go.

For many months, this continued: Thomas would attempt to get intimate with the sheep, and the dog would attack.

Eventually, a beautiful blonde came in with the tide. She was unconscious and near death. Thomas pumped her chest and blew into her lungs until she was successfully revived.

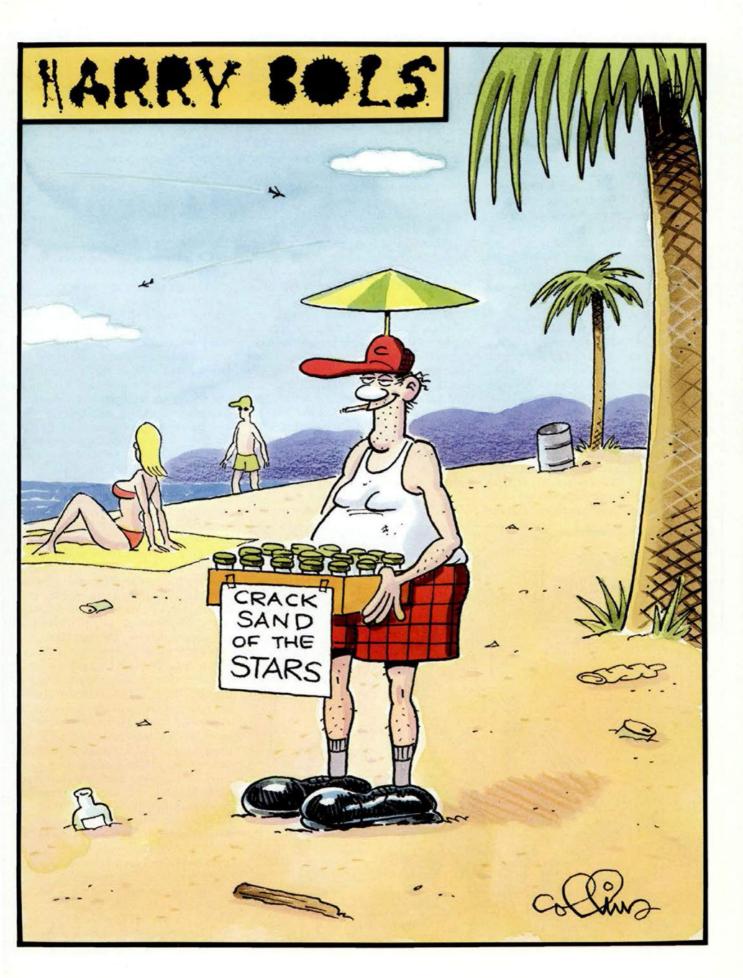
Coming to, the blonde was incredibly grateful.

"You saved my life!" she told Thomas. "How can I repay you? I'll do anything. Anything!"

Tom pointed at the woods and said, "Hold that dog."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines wedding as: a funeral where you smell your own flowers.

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(continued from page 100)

"The biggest threat that faces law enforcement is the radical right. They think that the right to bear arms is a concept direct from God. They're likely to shoot it out to the death."

able casualties. We don't want to kill the bad guy. Say we got a call on a guy holding a gun on himself. He's distraught. He puts the gun down on the car seat and moves his hand away for a second. Immediately a thunder flash goes off in front of his windshield. One of us breaks the rear right window of his car. While all this is happening, two SWAT guys come in on him. One guy grabs his hand, the other guy grabs his head and yanks him out the window. In a police intervention without SWAT, the guy would have walked off, and the officers might be forced to shoot him."

SWAT's dictum of no acceptable tactical casualties was breached in February 1993 during the initial raid on the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas. Four officers of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) were killed in the raid. When the FBI finally moved in with tanks, delivering CS gas into the flimsy walls, the compound went up in flames, burning to death nearly 80 members of the renegade Seventh-Day Adventist sect. Reports issued by the Treasury and Justice departments, who investigated the siege, concluded that the

initial raid had been poorly planned and poorly executed. Stephen Higgins, chief of the ATF, offered his resignation. Experts tapped by the Justice Department, all friends of law enforcement, were not favorably impressed with the final results of the siege.

"If you ask the ATF and the FBI," says the ESU's Baker, "they'll tell you they're the best hostage-rescue units in the world. They have the most advanced, state-of-the-art equipment, but they don't have the hands-on experience that New York or L.A. SWAT has."

According to the Round-Up's Hopkins, there's a trend toward greater cooperation between the nation's top law-enforcement agencies. Increasingly, federal agents are signing up with the National Tactical Officers Association (NTOA), a group founded in 1983 to promote better communication among SWAT units.

NTOA President Larry Glick estimates that there are at least 20,000 SWAT officers nationally affiliated with 350 major metropolitan police offices. In keeping with the philosophy of strengthening ties between federal and local SWAT officers, the NTOA presented its 1993 Valor Award to ATF agent Tim Chisholm for bravery in the raid on the Branch Davidian compound. In addition, the FBI's Special Operations and Research Unit (SOARU) will be working with 75 law-enforcement agencies to establish a crisis-management database to share with SWAT units nationwide.

"We have SWAT teams in every major city and many of the smaller cities, where they're getting involved in more sophisticated weapons, tactics and training," says the ESU's Baker. "The only thing that makes New York City different from Paducah, Kentucky, is that we in New York have more people and more opportunities to better our skills. But [today, we're seeing] an explosion of training and equipment. Diversionary devices have become more professional and better understood. Years ago, people would have asked, 'Why put a silencer on a submachine gun? What are you trying to do, be like James Bond?' There was a recent incident in France where a SWAT team came in to rescue a group of schoolchildren who were being held hostage. They took out the suspect without the sound of gunfire. [When a SWAT team entering a crisis zone] hears a gunshot, they know immediately it can't be their own.'

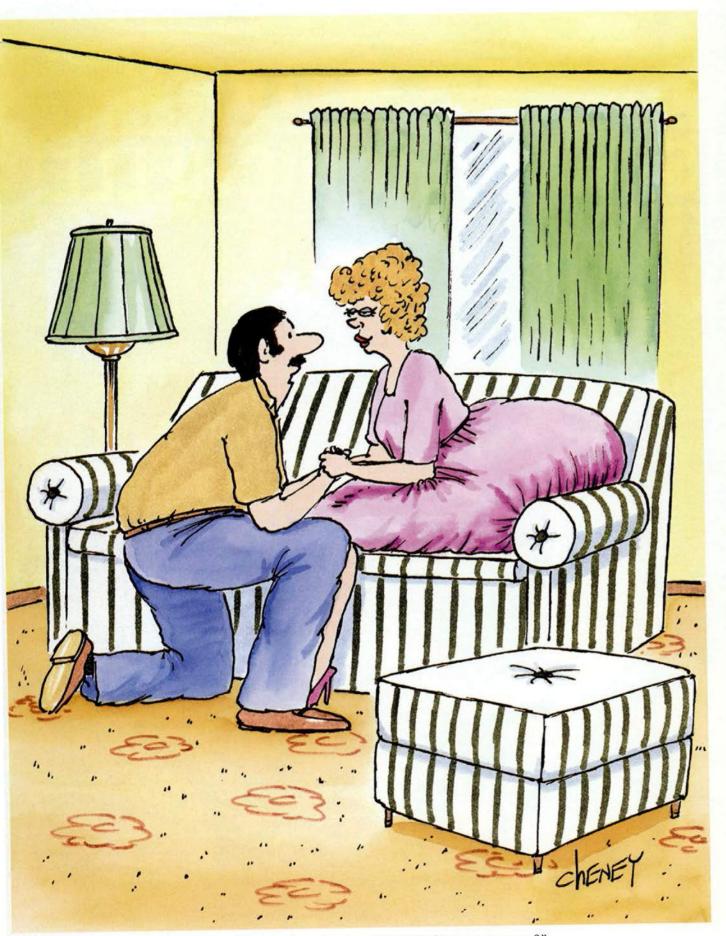
Back at the Round-Up, the major buzz surrounds the next likely development for America's domestic tactical forces: the Soldier Integrated Protective Ensemble (SIPE), which turns ordinary foot soldiers into computer-aided "terminators" by integrating a thermal sight that provides instant smart targets for their rifle fire. It is estimated that this technology will be available to military and police organizations by the year 2000.

Another topic of discussion is the current legislative push to suppress public access to silencer technology, assault rifles and Black Talon ammunition, part of an ongoing strategy to give the police the upper hand in armed confrontations. Most SWAT members queried at the Round-Up support the civilian ban on such sophisticated weapon technology.

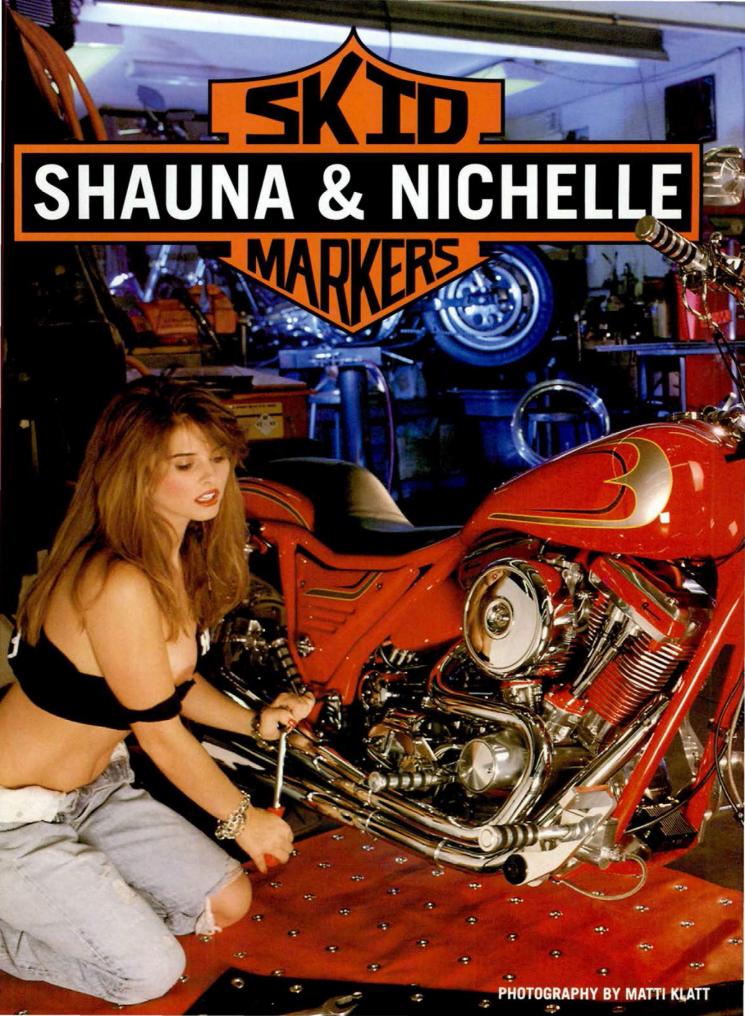
As for banning guns altogether, many of the members are ambivalent, but others believe that President Bill Clinton's Omnibus Crime Act of 1994, which imposes further restrictions on firearms, could lead to future SWAT confrontations involving a new breed of criminal: formerly law-abiding gunowners.

"The biggest threat that faces law enforcement is the radical right," asserts one LAPD SWAT member. "They think that the right to bear arms is a concept direct from God. They're likely to shoot it out to the death."





"Eunice, will you and your big, beautiful, fat fucking ass marry me?"

















Marijuana

(continued from page 68)

from nausea and overall physical discomfort brought about by chemotherapy. A slightly smaller percentage admitted—off the record—that they had already recommended illegal dope to at least one patient.

The AMA has no formal policy on the medicinal use of marijuana, but the House of Delegates of the California Medical Association voted to adopt a resolution stating that marijuana may be appropriate for certain medical conditions. In addition, the House of Delegates of the American Medical Student Association unanimously endorsed the reclassification of marijuana from Schedule I to Schedule II, meaning the herb could be prescribed by physicians.

The DEA, however, refuses to reschedule marijuana, maintaining that it does more harm than good. PHS representatives Kytel and James Mason refer patients suffering from chemotherapy side effects to a synthetic form of THC (marijuana's chief intoxicant) called dronabinol, which is marketed under the name Marinol. Some users of Marinol say they find relief from this pill form of THC, but many complain that Marinol is less effective than THC in its natural form. According to a National Cancer

Institute fact sheet entitled Marijuana for Chemotherapy-Induced Nausea and Vomiting: "Research has shown that the active ingredient THC is more readily and quickly absorbed from marijuana smoke than from an oral preparation of the substance."

Notes ACT's O'Leary, "Marijuana has no pharmaceutical sponsor, nor will it ever. There is no advantage to a pharmaceutical company to get involved in the medicinal applications of marijuana, because it can't [make money off it]. It's a financial issue."

In March 1992, DEA Chief Robert Bonner ruled against a legal effort to allow medicinal prescription of marijuana, calling his decision "a final rule concluding the plant material marijuana has no currently accepted medical use."

The irony of Bonner's decision is that, in order to qualify as having accepted medical use, a substance must have widespread availability in the medical community—which is impossible for a substance subject to legal prohibition, such as marijuana.

Bonner concluded, "Beyond doubt, the claims that marijuana is medicine are false, dangerous and cruel."

To the countless ailing Americans who have found in marijuana their only relief from pain, it is crueler to deny them medicine.



"Do you have a flashlight?"

Stagliano

(continued from page 86)

between their legs. She zestily bathes in their goading showers-smiling, caressing herself, savoring every drop. The scene showcases Stagliano at his directorially cagiest: He expertly sets up the scenario's most obvious question-Is she getting doused by what I think she is?—then provides the answer by craftily cutting to the overhead hydraulics. Sure, it's just a couple of guys putting hoses where their penises should be, but Stagliano has made his mesmerizing impact: The piss-hungry viewer is treated to a hypnotic water folly, while government forces unfriendly to body functions are simultaneously tweaked and eluded. By the time Siffreddi steps into the picture to stuff his boff stick way deep into Million's stool box, the overall effect is positively exhausting. Not to mention brilliant.

Work has resumed for the men pruning trees in the hills that surround Stagliano's compound. As the nude Christy Lynn joins the ass-obsessed auteur poolside, he announces, "Look at her! Look at that incredible butt!" The tree-dwelling hard hats require no such encouragement.

Stagliano accepts a mouthful of Christy's adorably pert A cups and declares, "Make sure you put this in the magazine: I don't like fake tits. Visually, they're less appealing than any natural form, and playing with tits that have been done is just no fun. I'd much rather have Christy's tiny tit than, say, Savannah's, and Savannah's got an *amazing* butt."

Are there any other starlets Stagliano would prefer to pass on?

He pauses. "I don't know why Victoria Paris is as big a star as she is," he remarks. "Certainly, Victoria Paris has her place in the industry, but I can't figure out why she's so huge. I don't want to be negative. Ask me about the fine nation of Brazil. I'm bigger than the president in Brazil. I love Brazil!"

Stagliano descends, tuxedo-clad, into the hot tub with Christy. They share laughs and champagne as a photographer clicks away. When wood is called for, Christy is happy to conjure it, descending on Buttman's crotch with hand and tongue.

Of course Stagliano wants to accentuate the positive. Intelligent, well-spoken, wildly successful and with a porn girl sucking his dick in front of his own private butt palace, how could he be any other way?

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With a body this sturdy, it's easy to see how 34-year-old "Babe" earned her nickname. This hairstylist from Salina, Kansas, stays in shape by skating, jogging and weight lifting. In Babe's fantasy, a sexy stranger picks her up hitchhiking and makes love to her. Thumbs up! Photo by Husband



Cruces, New Mexico. This 18-year-old housewife fancies herself a collector. "I like collecting rocks and pictures of myself," she writes. A shy girl, Christy dreams of tying up her husband and fucking all of her old boyfriends in front of him. Remember, payback's a bitch. Photo by Girlfriend



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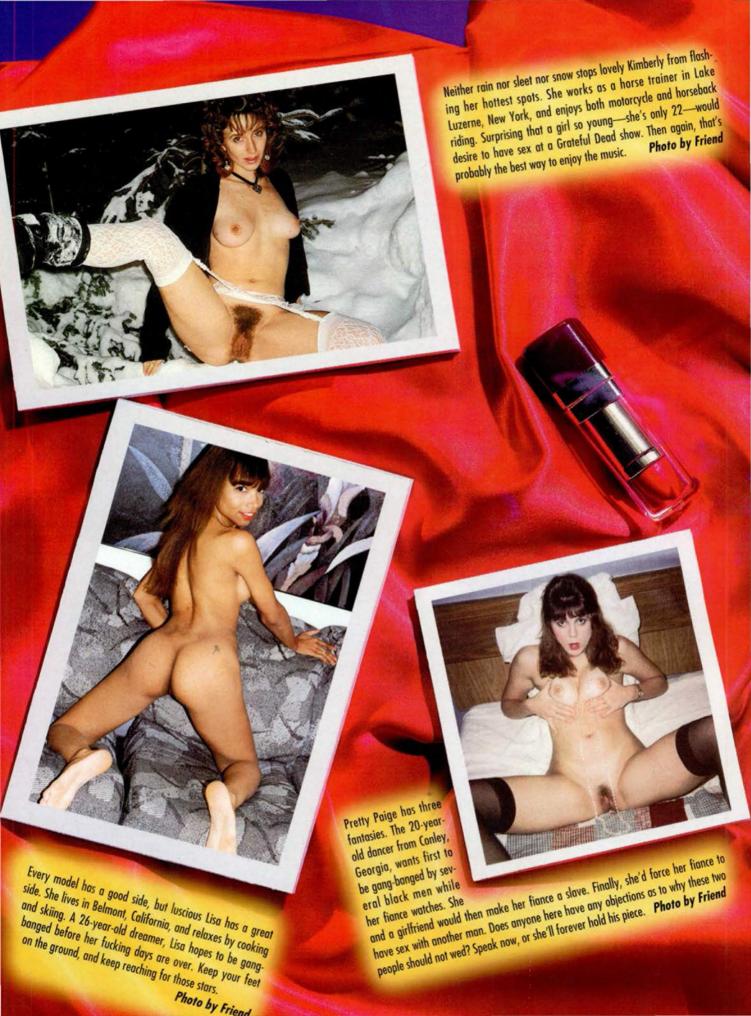




Devising new ways of turning her husband on is not only sassy Sollee's full-time hobby, but should be the pursuit of wives worldwide. Corona, California, is home to this 26-year-old homemaker, who nervously writes that she sometimes fantasizes about making love to another woman. Life is short—play hard.

Photo by Husband

Sitting pretty in her own private library, lovely Trina primps for her day on the job as a store manager. She's 34 years old, lives in San Diego, California, and enjoys sex, hunting and camping. Her fantasy? "Getting it up the ass by my boyfriend while three of his friends jack off onto my face and tits." Friends don't let friends shoot spunk.

















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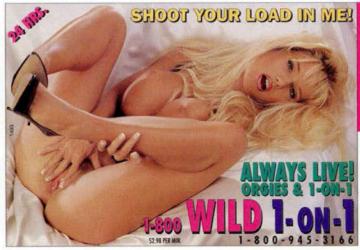
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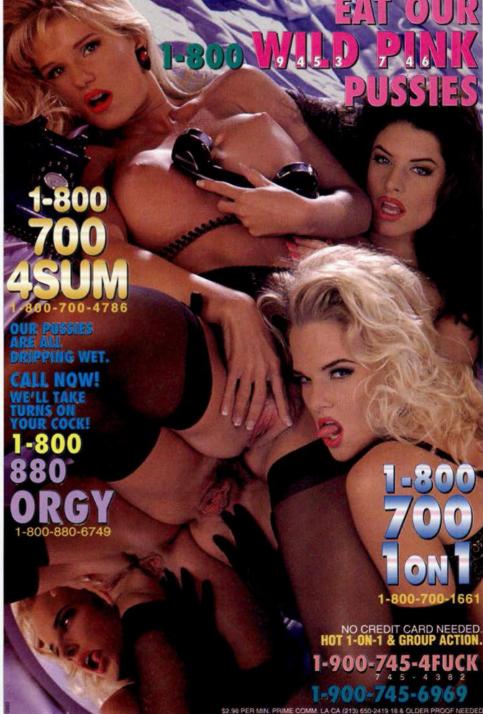


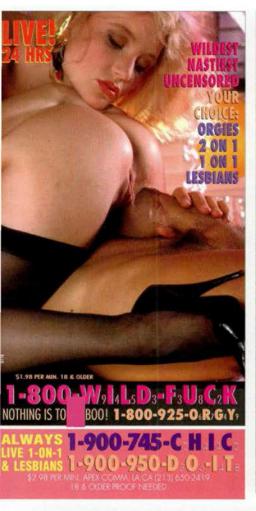
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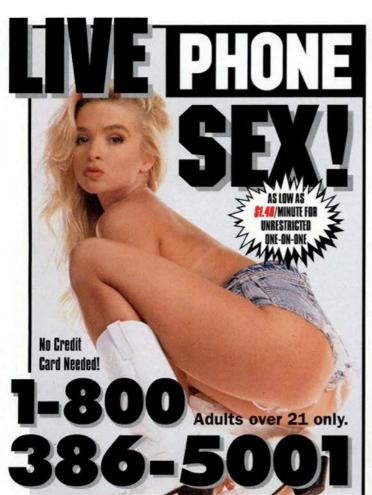
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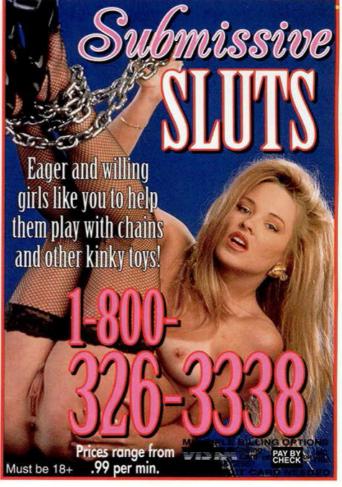
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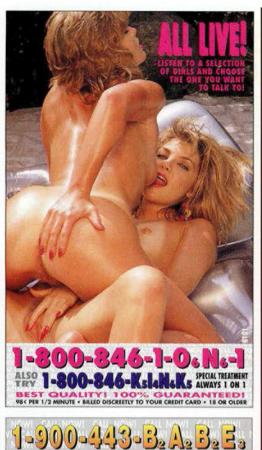
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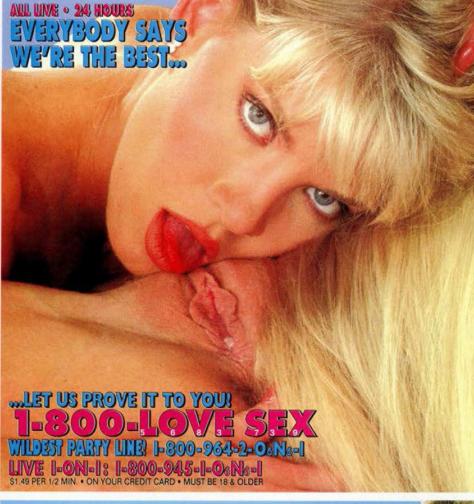
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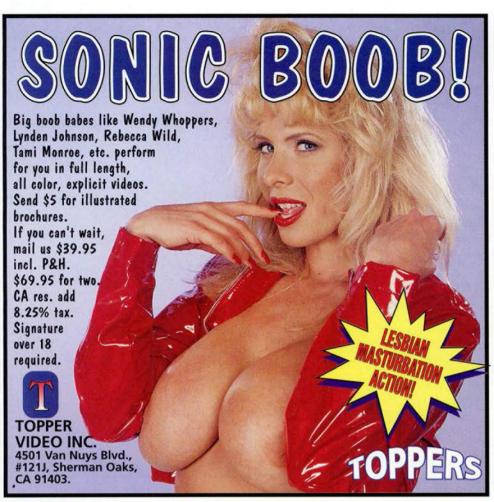
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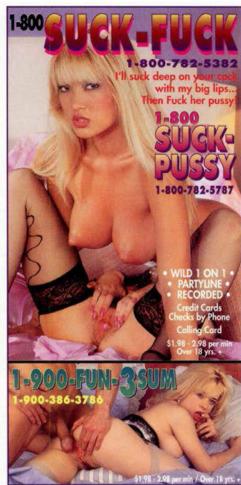


























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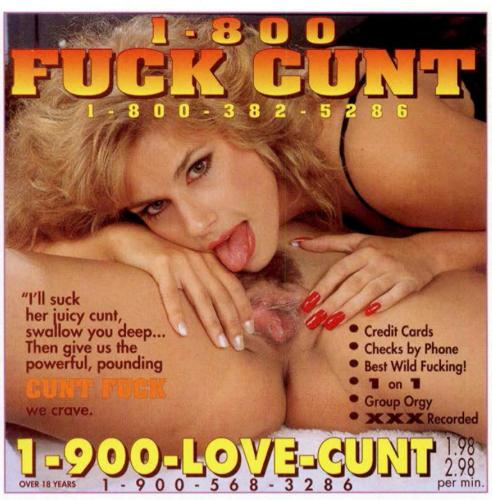


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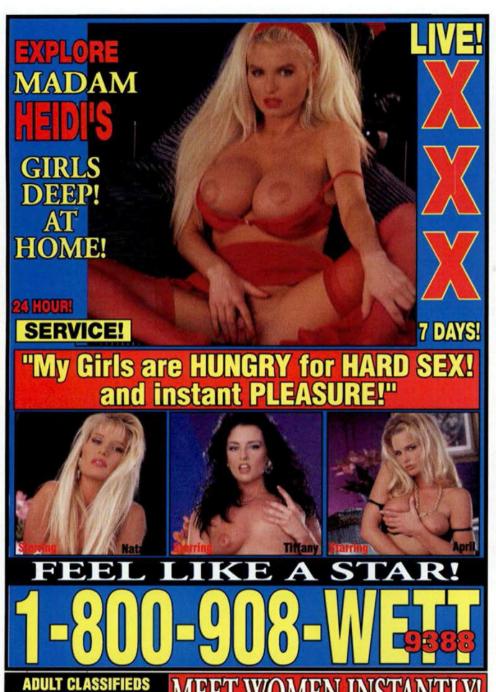














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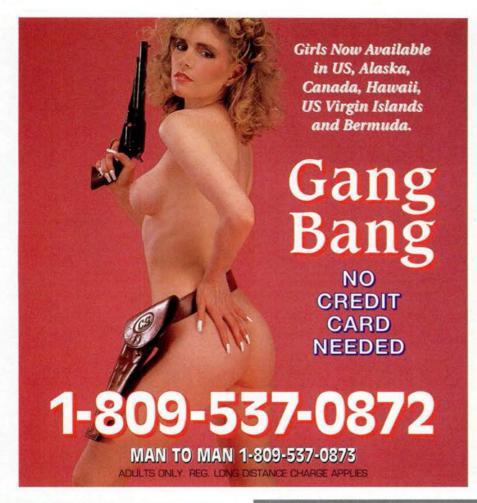
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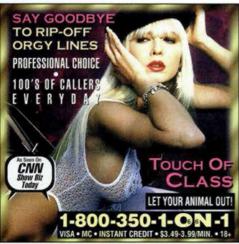


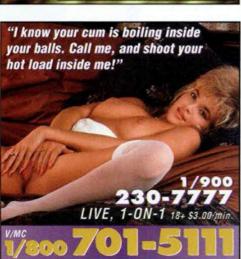


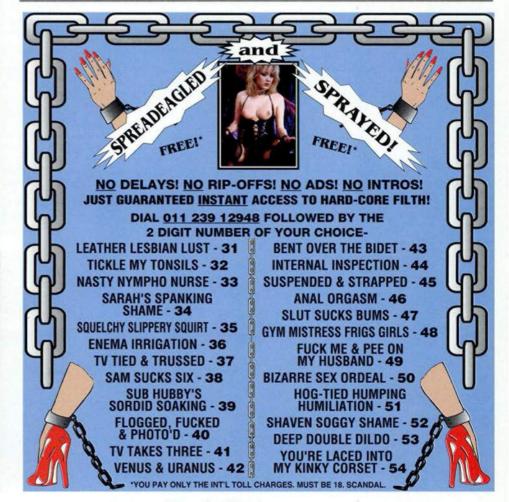
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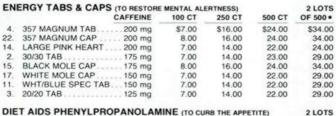


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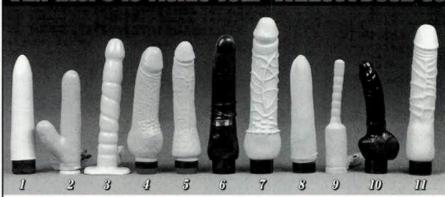


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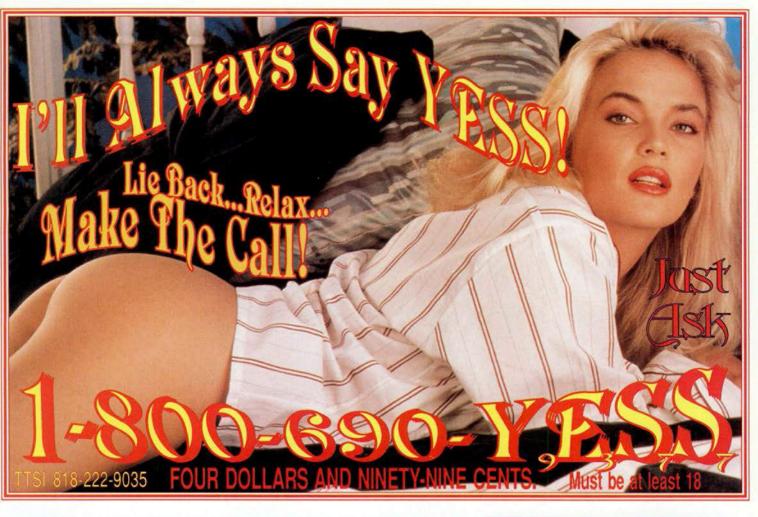


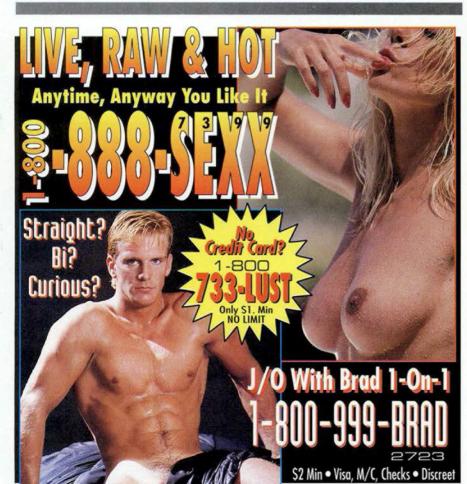














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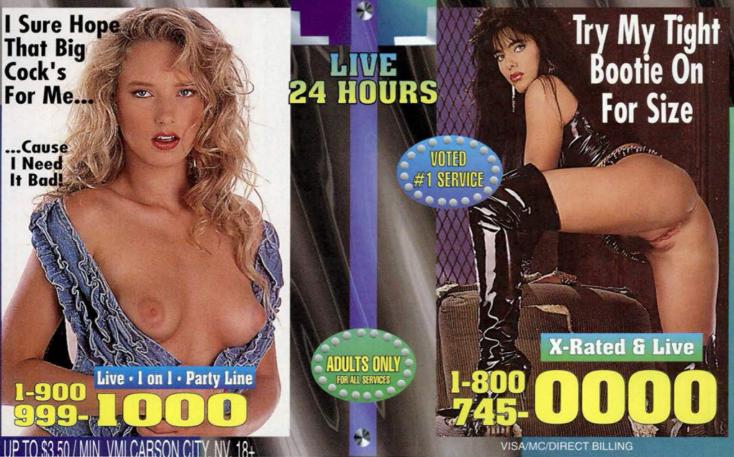
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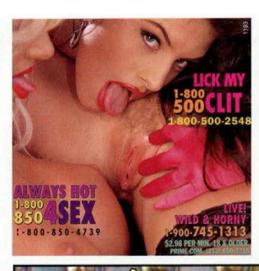


















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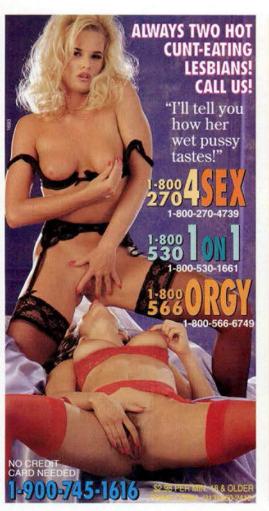
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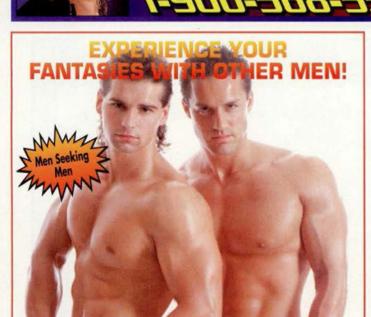
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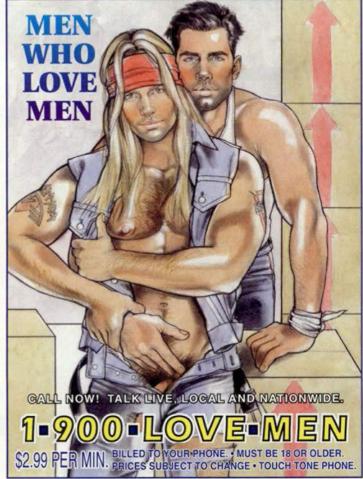






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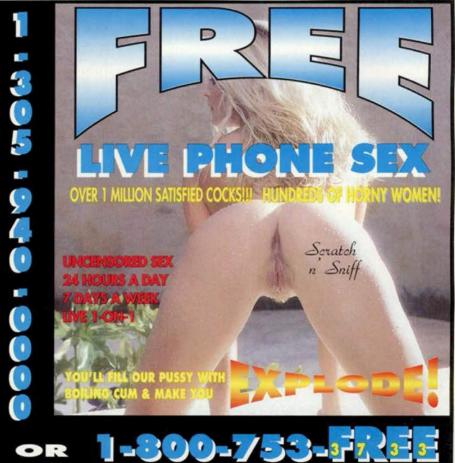
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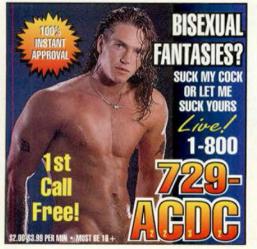














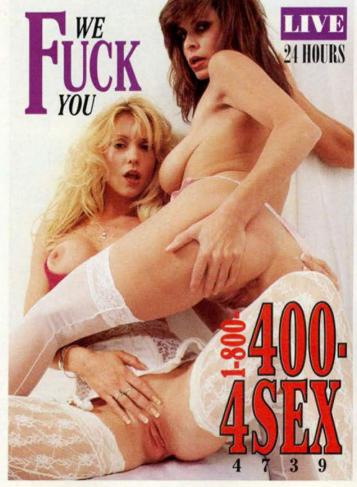












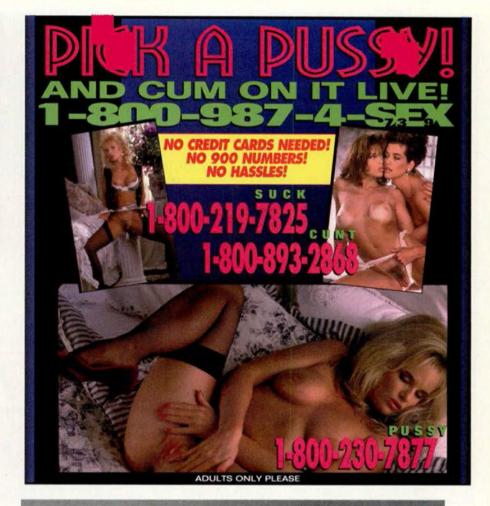
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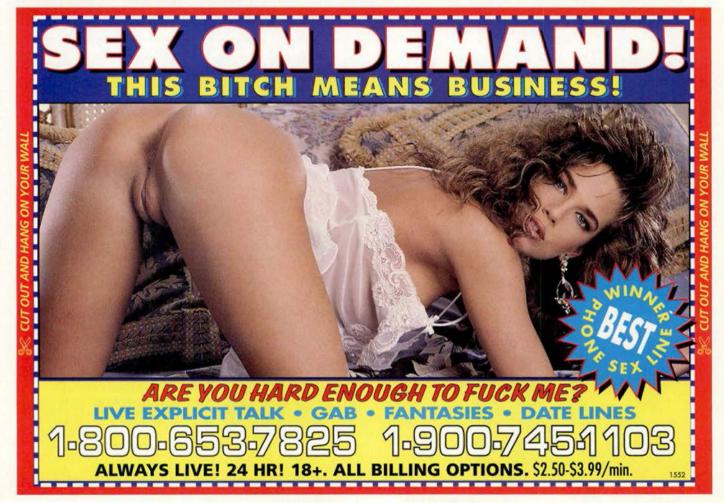
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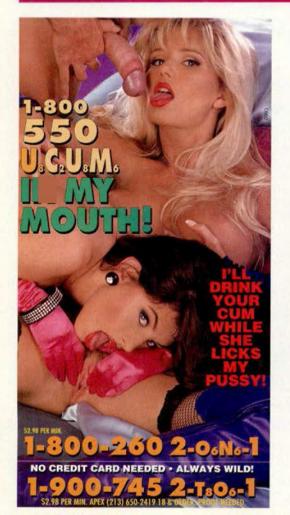






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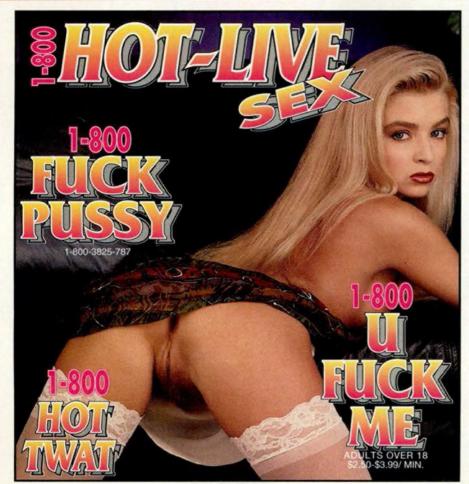
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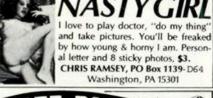














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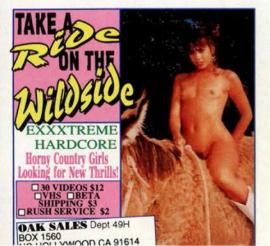
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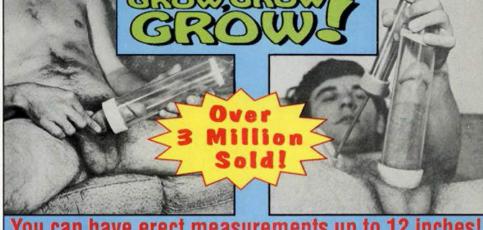




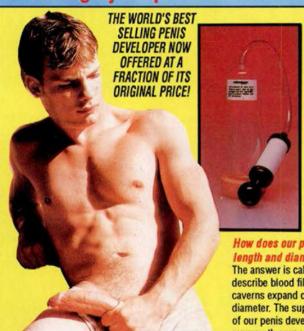








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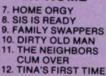
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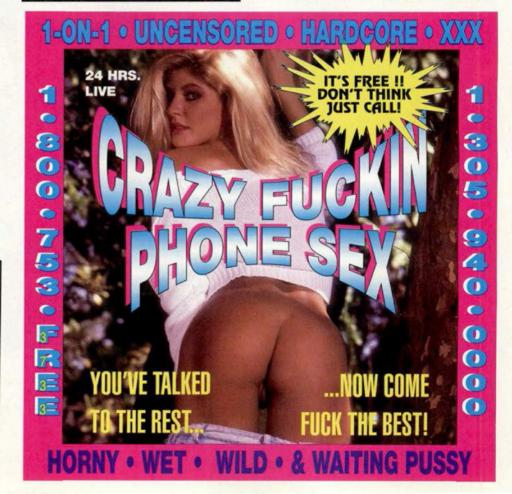


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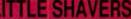
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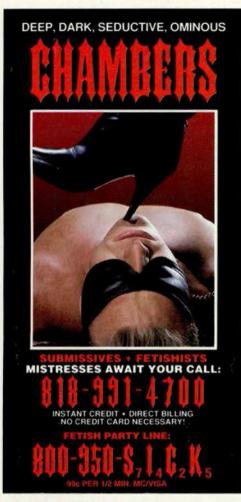
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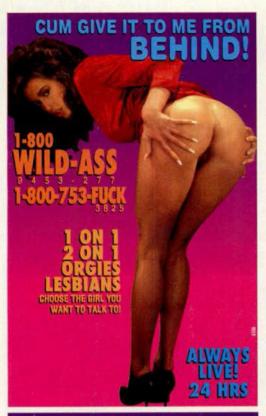
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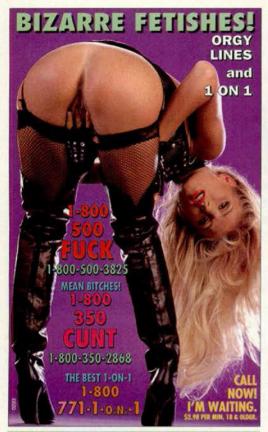
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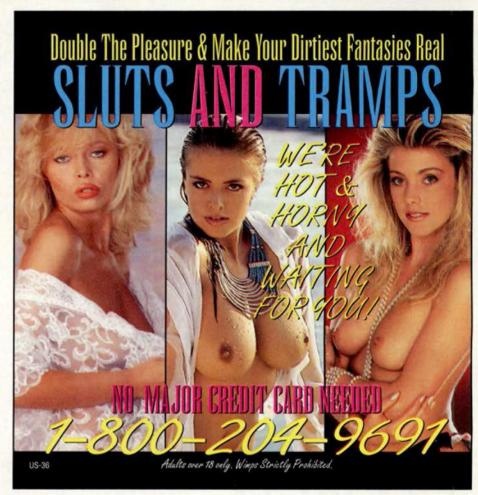
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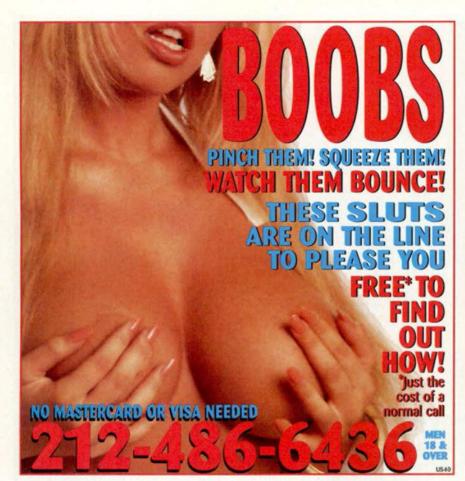
- #1 Temperature Check Buxom nurse Sondra Scream pops Woody Long's thermometer with throbbing loins.
- #2 Mistress Of Lust Leather and chain clad Britt Morgan overcums stud Sikki Nicks with pussy power.
- #3 Bathe Me Baby Spectacular Zara Whites leaves her bath for Peter North's shower of lust.
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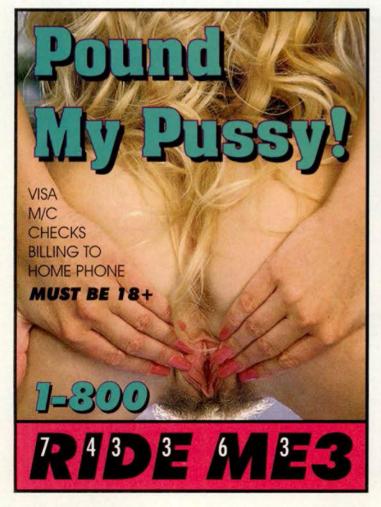
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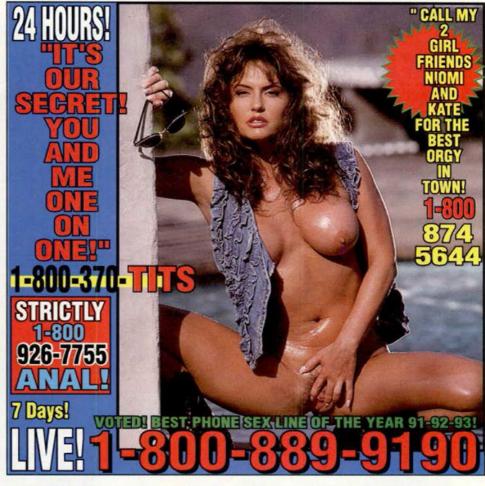








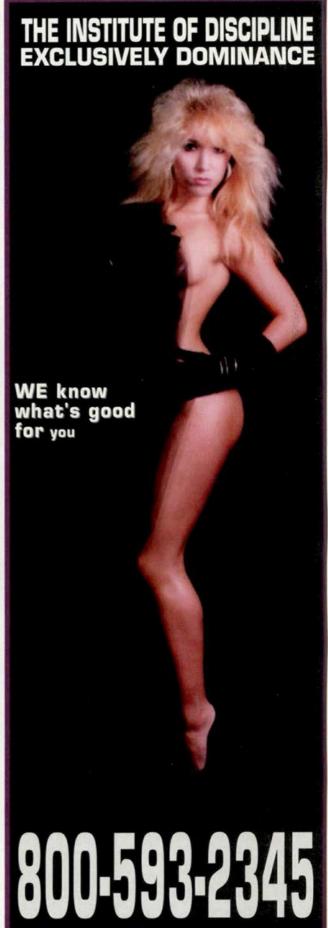


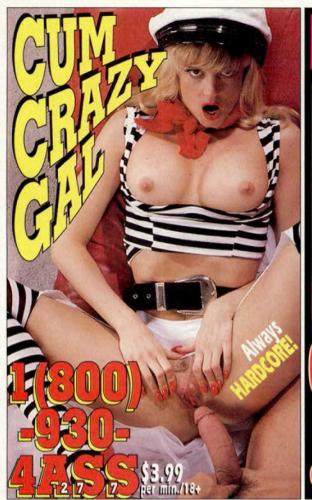


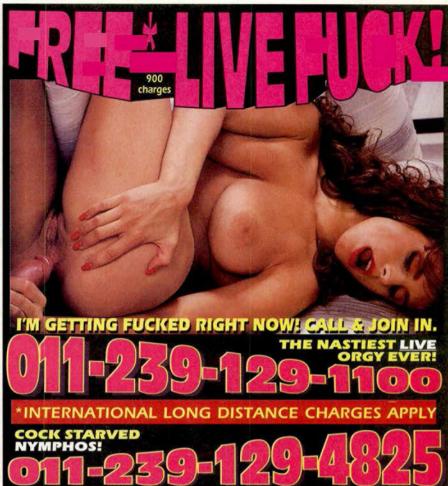
















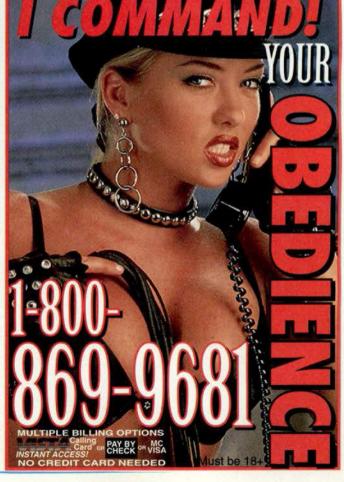




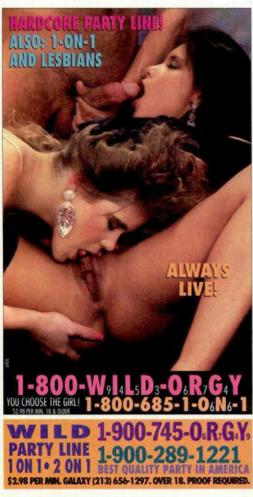




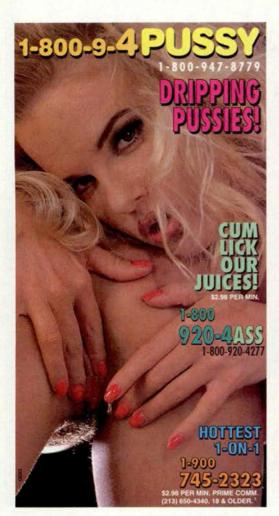
























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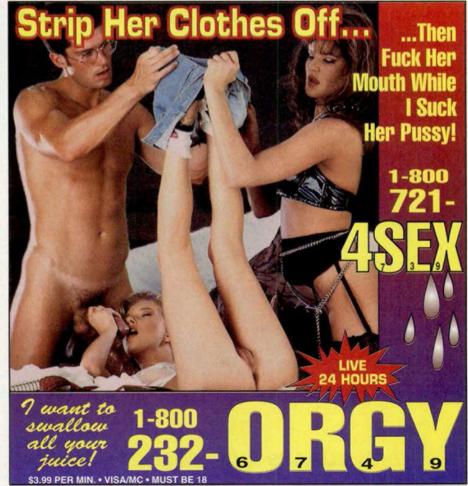












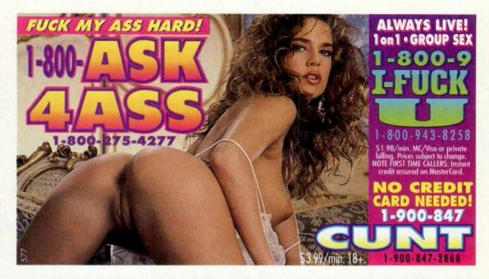


















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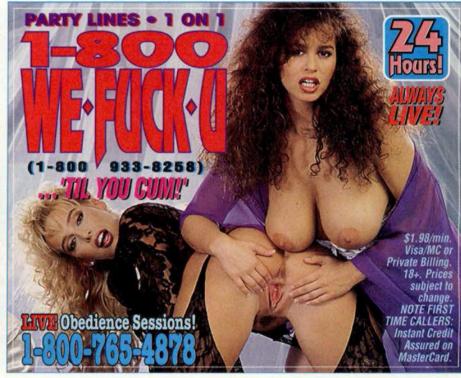














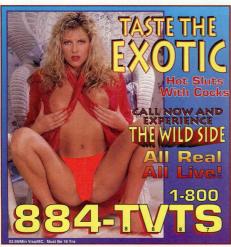


























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